

THE GEOGRAPHIC

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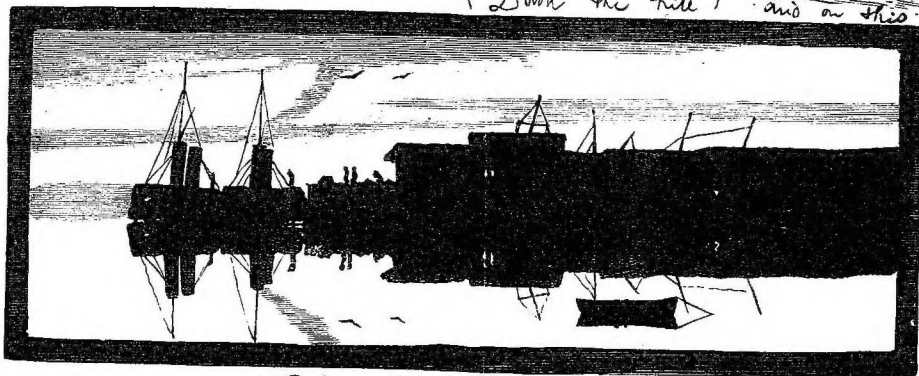
(Over the main) Look on this picture



(Down the hill) and on this



"Gullachgorn" the "Mounaineer" Piper



Oban Quay: Evening



My host



A change of garments: my host in a storm.



A Souvenir of the Highlands



Chacun à son goût.

Topics of the Week

POLITICAL PROSPECTS AT HOME.—Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have succeeded, by practising the arts which their leader so vigorously denounced in his former series of Midlothian speeches. But they did not begin as Jingo. The contrast between deeds and words would have been too startling. For some time they adopted the conventional Radical programme—the force-no-remedy programme. They tried it in three places—in Afghanistan, in the Transvaal, and in Ireland. In the last two it proved disastrous. The public—even the thick-and-thin Gladstone-for-ever public—began to grow discontented. Ominous growls were heard. Then came the Egyptian imbroglio. No more real justification existed for forcible interference than in the case of the other three countries, but Ministers decided that this was a chance not to be lost. So Mr. Gladstone, and even Mr. Chamberlain, donned Jingo uniforms; while Mr. Bright (rather tardily) walked out of the partnership. Whether the Egyptian campaign was morally right or morally wrong, without controversy it hoisted the Government back into popularity. Besides, from that time forward they showed that they believed force could be an Irish, as well as an Egyptian remedy. They showed that they were determined to palter no longer with moonlighters and murderers; and, but for their own revolutionary agitation, Ireland might ere long be restored to such peace as she enjoyed four or five years ago. Ireland, however, has too many agitators within her borders to be allowed to simmer down. Hitherto, Mr. Parnell has won all along the line, and now he has taken his coat off again, and means to win still more. He and his colleagues will never cease till they have won virtual independence for Ireland. We question if the working-class Radicals (who are the principal mainstay of the Gladstone Ministry) think this demand so unconscionable as do prudent politicians of the lukewarm Lord Derby type. Their feeling is, "If this is the only thing which will pacify Ireland, for Heaven's sake let's pacify her, and have done with it." Then, and not till then, we shall be able to take our own coats off for various English reforms which we can't touch properly while this Irish grievance blocks the way." Meanwhile, it is curious to note that while the Gladstone Government have won popularity by playing on one of the strings of the Conservative fiddle, the Conservatives themselves cannot get up a popular tune of their own. The Conservatism which merely acts as a decorous drag on the political coach will never arouse enthusiasm. Yet what are the Conservatives to do? Not even Lord Randolph Churchill would propose to reverse all the Liberal legislation since 1831. Still, unless Conservatives in the future have the pluck to try some genuinely reactionary policy, some policy which will put matters back as they were before, it is difficult to see the object of their existence as a party.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS ABROAD.—It can hardly be said that the New Year will begin with unusually good "omens" for the maintenance of friendly relations among the Great Powers. The settlement of the Egyptian Question still seems to be a long way off, and Frenchmen continue to talk as if their country had been somehow betrayed by England. In Central Europe public feeling is less disturbed than it was a week or two ago; but all the world has been made uneasy by the appearance in those regions even of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Fortunately the cloud is disappearing, and we may reasonably hope that it will soon vanish altogether. There may have been, as some authorities assert, a temporary misunderstanding between Germany and Austria; but these Powers have so many interests in common that the danger of a serious quarrel can hardly be very formidable. And, while Germany and Austria are united, Russia is not likely to be troublesome. As regards Egypt, we can scarcely expect that any proposals which are made by the British Government will please France; for Frenchmen are determined to consider themselves wronged, and their present mood is not one that can be much affected by argument. It is lucky that in England there is no serious dispute as to our immediate duty. Whether in the end Egypt is to be in every sense for the Egyptians or not, all Conservatives and most Liberals recognise that in the meantime the political destinies of Egypt must be controlled by this country, and by this country alone. It may become necessary by-and-by to submit a definite plan to the judgment of Europe, and there are rumours that this is to be done almost at once. France may refuse her assent; but if the other Powers are with us, as it seems probable that they will be, she will content herself with a harmless expression of unfavourable opinion. It is to be regretted that we must alienate French sympathy, even for a time; but it is satisfactory to know that England is doing nothing to France which in similar circumstances France would not have done to England.

A WHITE WITCH.—Witches are much more common in the West of England than they were in the realms of Cetewayo, who "smelt them out," or in those of Saul, who did much the same thing. The rural people are as credulous as the parishioners of Coverley, in the *Spectator's* time, when the Coverley witch possessed a cat, known to have spoken

several times during her life. A Plymouth witch has lately caused a good deal of discomfort (though not by causing a storm) to a seafaring young man. He set sail with a smack-owner of Brixham, as a member of the crew, but his health suffered in his maritime adventure, and a physician advised him that he was in danger of losing his eye-sight. The master of the smack bade the young mariner consult a white witch at Plymouth, and the sufferer took this advice. The white witch boldly declared that not the invalid but the whole smack was under a spell, and suffering from the wiles of sorcerers. More abject superstition could not be found on the African Gold Coast, or in the Andaman Islands. The master and the lad now visited the witch together, but the spell could not be removed. The youth, who had "moved Acheron" before trying ordinary means of cure, now went into an infirmary, and recovered not only his health, but wages from his too spiritually-minded master. But none the less the witch will continue to drive her magic wheel, and a roaring trade, in Plymouth.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP.—Considering the small range of possible selection, the acceptance by the Bishop of Truro of the vacant Archbishopric will be received with general satisfaction, except perhaps in the Cornish diocese itself, where the pleasure and pride aroused by Bishop Benson's promotion will be tempered by personal regret at his departure. It is so much easier to manage respectably a post which has been long established than one which has only just been created, that his successful conduct of two entirely new institutions—the Head-Mastership of Wellington College and the Bishopric of Truro—argues favourably for the Archbishop's future career. It implies that Dr. Benson possesses the faculty of adaptability. Now, although the Archbishopric of Canterbury is the most ancient office in this country tenable by a subject—far surpassing in length of years the Metropolitan mayoralty—he who holds it should unquestionably be a man of his epoch. Each generation brings with it different wants and different troubles. Neither the wants nor the troubles are precisely the same now as when Dr. Tait acceded to the office. The Evangelical party—as a party—has almost ceased to exist, and the usages of the High Church party are more or less followed throughout the Church of England. Still there is not peace in the Church, because there is a body of Extreme Ritualists who insist on going further than the majority of their clerical brethren, but who, it must also be fairly admitted, have the sympathies of a large and influential body of the laity. The doctrines which these men hold concerning Church establishment prevent their seceding except in one direction, that is, to Rome, and of late years even Rome has lost the fascination which she presented to the hesitating Anglican a generation ago. So these men remain nominally in the Church of England, but by their ultra-rubrical practices they vex the souls, not merely of old-fashioned Evangelicals, but of moderate High Churchmen. Archbishop Tait, as he lay a-dying, held out the olive-branch to Mr. Mackonochie, who practically conceded nothing by accepting it. Still there must be on the other side a limit to concession, as is shown by the veto placed by the Bishop of Manchester on Mr. Cowgill. The Church of England must have rules and regulations of its own, and if these are to be interpreted so as to satisfy every eccentric member, the institution becomes a mere farce, and had better be dissolved. This, therefore, will be one of the new Archbishop's problems, how to deal with the Ultra-Ritualists; but another and far greater problem remains, namely, how to win back to the Church that great and increasing body of persons who, for various reasons, some less worthy than others, are gradually abandoning all belief in supernatural religion.

SIR CHARLES DILKE IN THE CABINET.—In some respects it is to be regretted that Sir Charles Dilke has been withdrawn from the Foreign Office; for he has displayed a remarkable aptitude for the treatment of questions relating to foreign policy, and it may be doubted whether his successor will produce so good an impression either at home or abroad. However, Sir Charles will find plenty of work ready for him at the Local Government Board, and so capable a statesman will find little difficulty in accommodating himself to the conditions of his new position. His admission to the Cabinet has not, of course, pleased everybody; even in Chelsea there are, apparently, Radicals who think that he has not merited promotion. But the majority of Englishmen are of a different opinion, and it may be safely said that no other Liberal leader of the younger generation is regarded with more general respect and confidence than Sir Charles Dilke. He began his career as a rather wild politician, but in England that does not harm a man who gradually gives evidence of a sound and independent judgment. Probably Sir Charles Dilke is still a Republican in theory. That is, like a great many other persons who do not at all consider themselves "dangerous," he may be persuaded that for a thoroughly enlightened nation a Republic is the best conceivable form of Government, and that, on the whole, that seems to be the goal towards which modern society is slowly advancing. But he soon learned that a system which is ideally excellent may not be adapted to a particular country at a particular time, and that at any rate the only really valuable political changes are those produced by the natural growth of public opinion and feeling. In regard to foreign policy Sir Charles Dilke is sometimes spoken of as a disguised Jingo, but this only means that he never assented to

the silly notion that a country like England, which has interests in every part of the world, can afford to play the part of another Holland or Sweden. So far as we remember, he never delivered a speech which the most sensitive foreign critic could consider either arrogant or ill-natured.

NEWSPAPER HAWKERS.—Much annoyance has recently been caused by the behaviour of men who might put forward a plausible defence of their conduct. The speculators who sell newspapers in the streets are the persons to whom we refer. True, their method of conducting business is not quite faultless. They walk about quiet streets in couples, howling in such a manner as to give the maximum of noise with the minimum of sense. The *bourgeois*, who can no more exist without news than the dram-drinker without spirits sallies forth, and tries to discover what the noise is all about. He is invariably told that the paper on sale contains tidings of some great calamity. In time of war all our ships have been blown up, or all our men have run away from a dozen Arabs. Or Mr. Gladstone has been assassinated by the Irish, or the Cabinet blown up with dynamite. In a recent case the announcement was "horrible murder in a railway train, Bromley-by-Bow." There was, of course, no such murder, and the howlers of false intelligence were "run in." But might not these honest tradesmen explain that what they really sell is, not news, but, first excitement, and then a joyous sense of relief? A purchaser, they might urge, should be ready to give much more than fourpence to learn that the Cabinet has not been blown up, and that there has been no murder at Bromley-by-Bow. His desire that such news should prove true is inhuman and unpatriotic. This defence might at least be ventured by the men committed for trial.

ARABI IN EXILE.—Historical truth often lies at the bottom of a very deep well. Even about matters which only happened a few days ago it difficult to get accuracy. The *Times* says that Arabi and his co-mates underwent the ordeal of public degradation with insolent indifference; the *Standard* says that they were nervously apprehensive that they had at last been brought out for execution. If this latter account be the correct one—and Arabi knows too well that it is British rather than Egyptian forbearance which has preserved his life—he will not feel altogether sorry to shake off the dust of the land of the Pharaohs from his feet, and alight on the shores of a country which actually and without controversy is a bit of the British Empire. Arabi's deportation having once been decided upon, it would be difficult to find a more suitable place. The granting of *parole* in a beautiful island as large as Ireland is not such a mockery as it would be in a rocky islet like St. Helena. To an Egyptian the climate will not seem too warm, though it may sometimes prove too relaxing. In the latter contingency, a more bracing air can always be obtained among the hills. The Australian and South African colonies (Queensland excepted) would have felt chilly to an Egyptian, though we English think them hotter than they need be, and the West Indies are too far off. Let us hope that Arabi and his friends, who are excellent examples of the dictum: "Treasure doth never prosper—what's the reason? When it doth prosper, none dare call it treason," will not imitate a much more notable exile than themselves in allowing ambitious dreams and vain regrets to canker their hearts; but will rather try and fancy themselves volunteer colonists in Ceylon. The pangs of exile and banishment are just as much endured by the enterprising Britishers who resort thither to plant coffee, and who often fail to make a fortune; and the best we can wish for the Egyptian *détenu* is that they may find some innocent pursuit equally engrossing and more certainly remunerative.

THE HAPSBURGS.—This week the people of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy have been celebrating the six-hundredth anniversary of the events from which the greatness of the House of Hapsburg is usually dated. The history of the dynasty has been eventful enough, but only Court chroniclers could describe it as a very romantic or fascinating history. The Hapsburgs have had many opportunities of playing a brilliant part, but they have usually been more remarkable for the vigour with which they have attended to their own interests than for a generous conception of policy or for enlightened enthusiasm. In the time of the Holy Roman Empire they never manifested much anxiety for the maintenance or the development of Imperial institutions: each successive Emperor took care, however, to enrich his family; so that when the nominal Empire fell to pieces, they were able to put a very substantial Empire of their own in its place. Although the story of the process by which their power was built up is dull enough, it must be admitted that, on the whole, they have done more good than harm; since the races whom they have combined under their rule would have been, if independent, incessantly at war; and sooner or later the development of a despotic system more crushing than that of the Hapsburgs has ever been would have become inevitable. The present representative of the dynasty is, perhaps, as wise a ruler as the best of his predecessors. He labours hard to conciliate each of his subject nationalities without unduly weakening the authority of the Central Government; and it is much to his credit that at a great crisis he succeeded in thoroughly pacifying Hungary. Whether the Empire will stand the strain of further extensions towards the South-East remains to be seen; but

there can be little doubt that the experiment will have to be made. Turkey is rapidly breaking up, and the House of Hapsburg will be very unfaithful to its traditions if it does not secure some advantage from the misfortunes of its neighbours.

CAVALRY ORGANISATION.—An idea at one time prevailed, even among military experts, that the improvements effected in the shooting range of muskets and cannons would render cavalry a branch of the service rather ornamental than useful. The experiences, however, of the many wars, great and little, of the last five-and-twenty years, has completely reversed this belief, and shown that cavalry are more indispensable than they ever were, and that they are also needed in greater proportionate numbers. This is obvious, if we consider that with improved weapons what may be termed the killing-range of an army is immensely increased, and that, therefore, scouts on horseback have to go much greater distances than in the old days in order to discover an enemy's whereabouts. This point being admitted, the next object is to find out how we can ensure (in case of war breaking out) a more certain supply of this invaluable arm. Trained soldiers are hard to get at on an emergency, trained and seasoned horses still more so. How then, under the short-service system, now coming fully into play in the cavalry, are we to avoid the risk of such an insufficient supply as manifested itself even during the late brief campaign in Egypt? The subject has been carefully considered by Mr. Childers and the military authorities, and their decision is that the existing corps should be amalgamated into double regiments, so that the battalion at home shall be strong enough to supply the wants of the battalion abroad, instead of resorting to that volunteering and transferring of officers, men, and horses from one regiment to another, by which means alone the exigencies of the Egyptian campaign were satisfied. As the abolition in the Infantry of the old arithmetical titles has proved distasteful, these titles will be preserved as much as possible in the Cavalry, though there can be little doubt that a local name will in generations yet to come be far more valued than a mere number.

MR. FAWCETT.—Everybody was delighted to hear of Mr. Fawcett's convalescence. The progress of his illness was watched with universal anxiety and sympathy, and Christmas was made brighter in thousands of homes by the news that he was believed to be out of danger. Mr. Fawcett occupies a unique position in English political life. He is not in the foremost rank of statesmen, yet among Liberals his popularity is inferior only to that of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright; and he is liked and respected even by his opponents. This is due in part, no doubt, to the splendid courage which has enabled him to triumph over the disadvantages caused by a terrible physical calamity; but he owes his success in still larger measure to qualities which do not make so direct an appeal to personal feeling. Mr. Fawcett is, above all, an independent politician. He never supports an opinion merely because it happens to be the opinion of his party; and again and again he has broken away from his party when its leaders seemed to him to be violating their own principles. In these days, when everybody is supposed to be becoming like everybody else, a manly tone of this kind is peculiarly valuable; and one of the good signs of the time is that, in Mr. Fawcett's case, it has been so highly and so generally appreciated. But Mr. Fawcett is not only independent: he is remarkable for the consistency of his method in the discussion of public questions. The tendency of English politicians has always been to argue without much reference to "ideas." Mr. Fawcett so far shares this tendency that he has no love for those magnificent but vague propositions which are capable of half-a-dozen interpretations; but he has a number of fundamental convictions by which he tests every important scheme; and he has often done excellent service by showing the relation of proposed measures to what he conceives to be sound political science. England could ill afford to lose a statesman who knows so well how to combine the claims of practice and theory; and it may be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will by and by take an opportunity of strengthening the Cabinet by conferring on Mr. Fawcett the honour which has been granted to Sir Charles Dilke.

RABBITS IN NEW ZEALAND.—Charles Kingsley once, hearing a fox bark in the night, expressed a gloomy fear that foxes would soon be extinct in England. He feared that Radicalism would not spare an animal associated with England's greatness. Foxes we have still with us, but the fortunes of the rabbit have excited painful apprehensions. How long will rabbits and hares survive recent legislation? Will "Brer Rabbit" become as extinct as the Dodo, and as fabulous as the Chimæra? Should this happen in England our landed gentry need not, for all that, abandon hope. The rabbit is over-abundant in New Zealand, and a secession of the patricians would furnish to New Zealand what she sadly needs, rabbit killers. The colonists have tried to exterminate rabbits by every plan known to science and disliked by sport. Poison and dynamite have failed. The Indian Government has been asked to send out a lot of mungoose (if that be the correct plural of mungoose), and the mungoose is like a farmer in his hatred of rabbits. But what are two hundred mungoose among so many rabbits? They will die of repletion.

NOTICE.—A New Serial Story, by FRANCES ELEANOR TROLOPE, Illustrated by Sydney Hall, will begin next week.

THE GRAPHIC EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS is NOW OPEN at the FINE ART SOCIETY'S, 148, NEW BOND STREET.

The recent EXHIBITION of "TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY" by the leading BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS at THE GRAPHIC GALLERY was attended with such success that another Pictorial Collection has been organised, namely—

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Mrs. BUTLER.
R. MACBETH.
HEINRICH ZUGEL.
CATON WOODVILLE.
JOHN CHARLTON.
LUIGI CHIALIVA.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FINE-ART SUPPLEMENT, entitled "EVENING," from the Picture by Miss Charlotte J. Weekes; and "WINTER," from the Picture by Mrs. Laura T. Alma-Tadema, both Exhibited in the Royal Academy.



LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45. Benedick, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, and Saturdays, Jan. 6, Jan. 13, and Jan. 20, at 1 two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open to 5.

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Magnificent beyond comparison.

Embracing thirteen magnificent new scenes, designed and painted by those eminent artists Messrs. Dayes and Caney, introducing a great Zoological Collection of Horses, Ponies, Mules, Camels, Dromedaries, and other animals, including a complete herd of Elephants. The greatest novelty on earth, the mother Elephant "Victoria," and her Calf "Prince of Wales," born in Lyons, France, en route with Sanger's Continental Circus, on May 6th, 1882.

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(By Order),
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



A HIGHLAND WALKING TOUR

It is pleasant during the winter months to call up reminiscences of the Scotch Highlands as they were when we visited them in their summer garb. Except to the sportsman, who in pursuit of his hobby will brave anything, the Highlands are less attractive at this season, when rain, and mist, and sleet, all follow in rapid succession, and when roads are often rendered inaccessible by snow wreaths.

We were three in our party, just the right number for a pedestrian trip, and, in spite of Mr. Shakespeare's ill-natured observation about "crabbed age and youth," Uncle Harry and his nephews got on capitally together. We poked fun at him on board the *Columbia* for reading *The Times* instead of admiring the scenery, but he triumphantly proved to us in the evening that he had not only missed nothing which we saw, but had also seen several things which we had missed.

Age, too, can sometimes be more philosophical and resigned than youth. Jim and I growled at the heat on the moors—a Highland sun can blaze down when he pleases—and then we growled again when the windows of heaven opened, and a "spate" came tumbling upon us in bucketfuls, whereas Uncle Harry took it as coolly as if he had been inside a hansom.

He got quite enthusiastic over the bagpipes, saying that it is the very music for a mountainous country, and he extracted some good stories from one of our landlords, who among his excellent qualities does not number that of membership of the Blue Ribbon Army.

It was after the ducking by the above-mentioned "spate" that we were glad to put on any clothes we could get, male or female.

It was not that uncle was devoted to solitary boating, or that I was so rapturously immersed in sketching. Either of us, I believe, would sooner have had a *l'été-a-l'été* stroll with Miss C.—. But then the C.—s are Jim's friends, and, rather selfishly, I think he kept them all to himself.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW IRON PIER AT LARNAKA, CYPRUS

ON Wednesday, November 8th, Sir Robert Biddulph, the High Commissioner, with Lady Biddulph and his Staff, visited Larnaka for the purpose of opening the New Iron Pier and Custom House which has been erected during the past year. His Excellency and suite having landed at the end of the Pier, a procession was formed (headed by the band of the West Kent Regiment and a guard of honour comprised of the Military Police) which proceeded to the shore end, where congratulatory addresses were delivered by Mr. Pierides and the Cadi, in which reference was made to the growing prosperity of the trade of Larnaka, the chief port of Cyprus. His Excellency subsequently entertained about a hundred of the leading inhabitants, both Turks and Christians, and the principal officials, at a banquet held in one of the warehouses of the New Custom House.

One of our illustrations, which is taken from the seaward end of the new pier, shows to the left the New Custom House, now completed, and to the right the "Konak" in course of construction, where will be located the Post Office, Law Courts, and District Offices. In the background are the hills which divide Larnaka from the Messaria, that to the left being Stavro Vouni or Santa Cruce, 2,300 feet in height, on the summit of which is a sanctuary held in much veneration by the inhabitants.

The Pier is a substantial structure, 450 feet in length and 22 feet wide, with a T-end 80 feet in length, and in other respects similar to the iron pier which was opened a year ago at Limasol, and which has proved of the greatest service during the late war in loading and unloading war material, troops, and horses. Iron screw piles support a superstructure of creosoted timber. A double line of railway affords communication between the T-end (on which is fixed a five-ton crane), and the Custom House Sheds. A quay wall 450 feet in length has been built, behind which there is a spacious esplanade 70 feet wide. The new works and buildings have been designed and carried out by the Government engineer, Samuel Brown, Esq., M.I.C.E., who has been ably seconded by Mr. James Cunningham, superintendent of works.

OUR SICK AT CAIRO

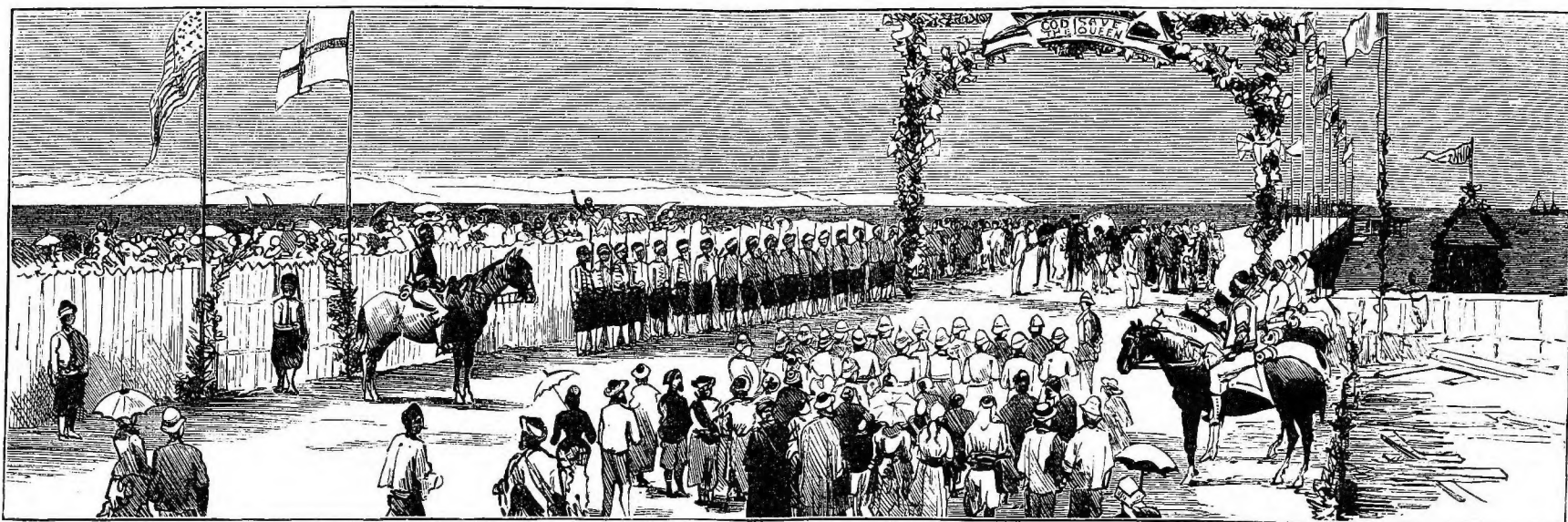
THOUGH the tale of our wounded during the recent campaign was remarkably small, the sick list of our troops has been exceedingly heavy. The main disease from which they have suffered has been typhoid fever, in many cases engendered by the filthy water with which they had to be content on their march to Tel-el-Kehir. Now, however, thanks to the excellent hospital accommodation which has been organised, and to the improved quarters of the men, the number of fresh invalids is gradually diminishing, though, owing to the very nature of the malady, the sick list continues to be very high, as the convalescent stage is long and tedious, and requires particular care and nursing. Our artist's sketch represents what might be termed the convalescent ward of one of our hospitals in Cairo, the Palace of the citadel having been requisitioned by the medical authorities for this purpose.

"FEEDING THE HUNGRY"

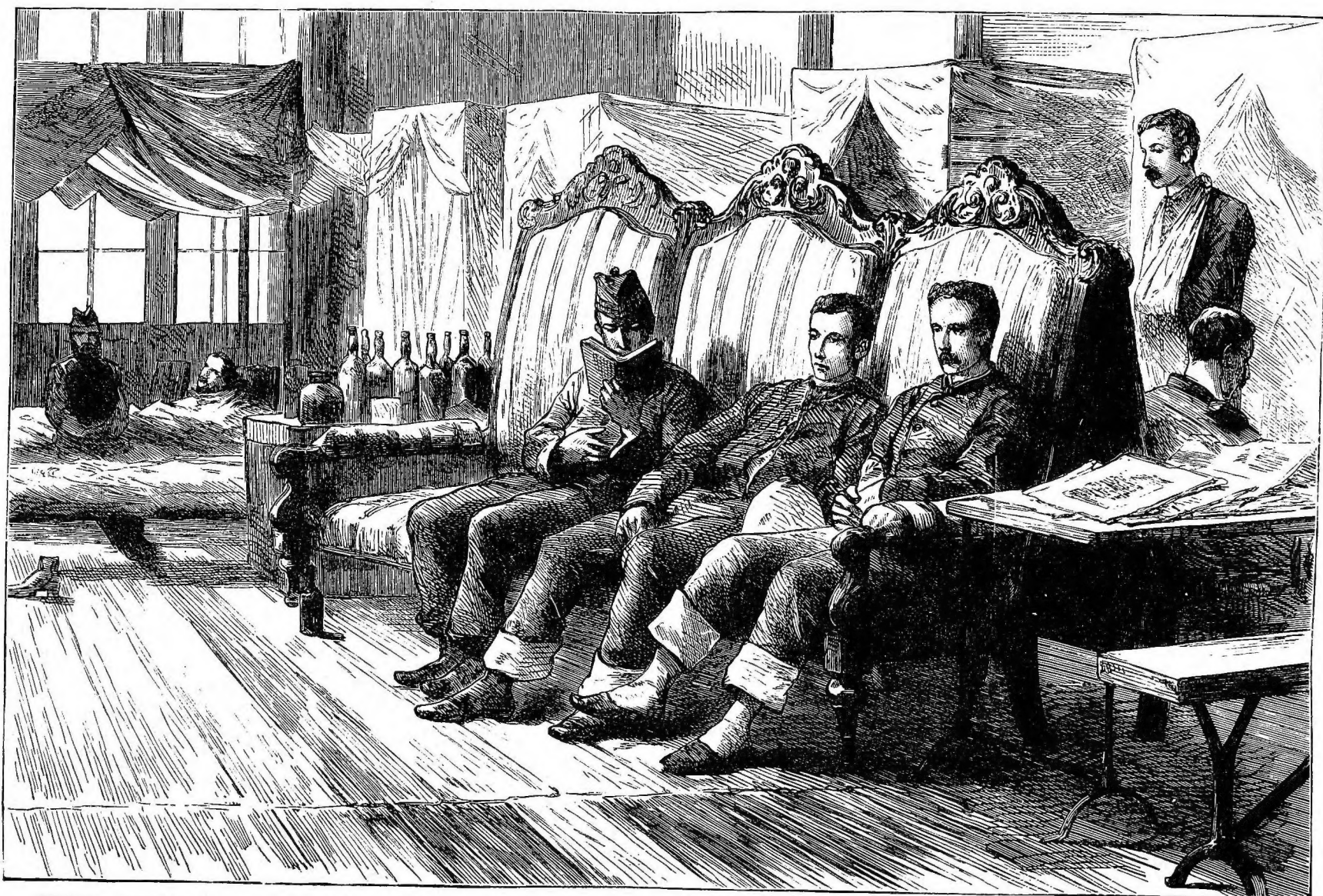
SURPRISE is said to be an essential ingredient in wit, and therefore the title of this picture is witty, because if you saw it in the Academy catalogue before looking at the picture you expected to have your feelings harassed by some scene of distress, whereas here all is sunshine and prosperity. The weather is so lovely that the adjacent yachts are like painted ships upon a painted ocean, as the "Ancient Mariner" has it. The ship's boy is a comely, well-fed lad, while "the hungry" deserve no special commiseration. Healthy young creatures are always hungry. We may remark that though this picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy the sketch was made by Mr. F. Calderon especially for us.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

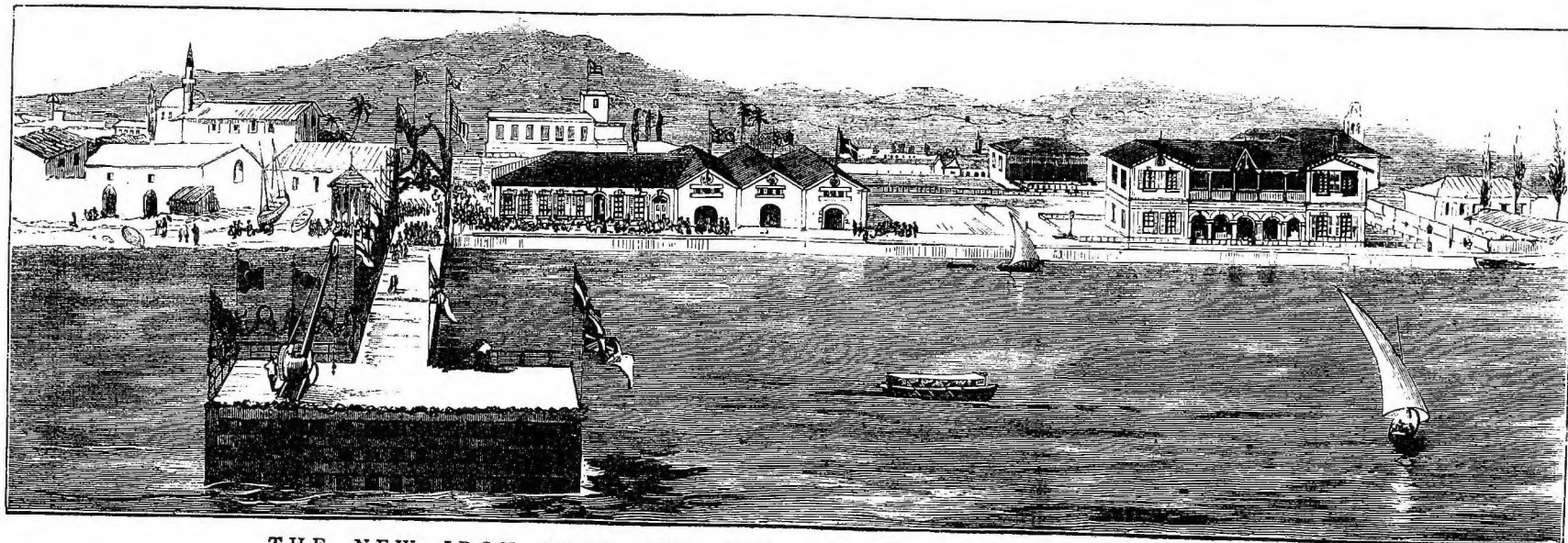
EDWARD WHITE BENSON, son of the manager of some extensive white-lead works near Birmingham, was born in the Midland metropolis in 1829. He was educated at King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School there (several of his contemporaries also becoming distinguished ecclesiastics), and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1852, he obtained a first-class in the Classical Tripos. After ordination he became an assistant-master at Rugby, and in 1858 was appointed Head Master of Wellington College, a new institution. His administration there was highly successful, and Wellington became a school of considerable reputation. He retired in 1872, and was appointed Canon and Chancellor of Lincoln, where he energetically promoted the educational and ecclesiastical interests of city and diocese. In 1877 he was appointed by the late Lord Beaconsfield to be Bishop of the newly-established See of Truro. Here he has worked hard—has restored churches, has founded mission chapels, has attracted eager and able young men to work under him. Though a High Churchman, he has been popular with the Wesleyans, who are numerous in the West, and Cornwall heartily laments his departure. In 1859 he married Mary, the daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Sidgwick, of Skipton.



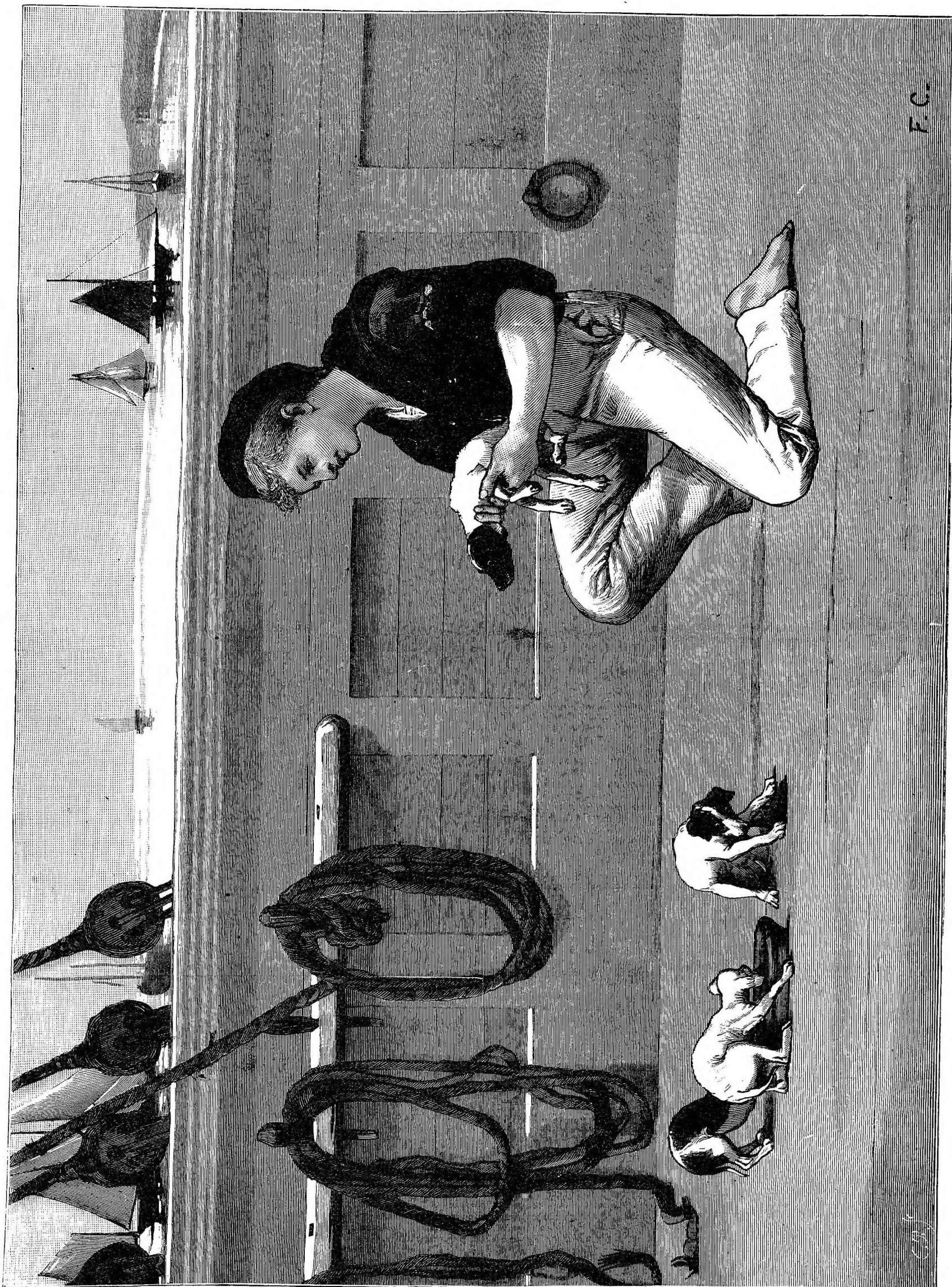
THE HIGH COMMISSIONER OPENING THE NEW PIER, LARNAKA, CYPRUS



EGYPT AFTER THE WAR—OUR SICK AT CAIRO: THE CONVALESCENT CHAIR IN THE PALACE OF THE CITADEL
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE NEW IRON PIER AND CUSTOM HOUSE, LARNAKA, CYPRUS



"FEEDING THE HUNGRY"
DRAWN BY F. CALDERON

THE CRUISE OF THE PACIFIC SQUADRON— DINING OUT

THE Pacific Squadron of seven ships—*Triumph*, *Thetis*, *Champion*, *Mutine*, *Garnet*, *Sappho*, and *Kingfisher* assembled at Callao last February, and sailed for Juan Fernandez, in accordance with the recent Admiralty order for annual combined cruises for exercise on all foreign stations. The passage was made in thirty-two days, mostly under sail. "The invitation for captains," writes an officer on board the *Garnet*, "to dine with the Admiral, is made by signal early in the day, but by the evening a fresh breeze is blowing with a considerable sea. As dinner-time approaches the signal is hoisted to 'Heave to when convenient,' whereupon the ships haul out of line and close near the flagship to save a longer pull than necessary, heaving to when sufficiently close. Boats are then lowered, and the guests arrive on board the flagship, where doubtless an hospitable host and pleasant society go far towards counterbalancing the discomforts of the boat trip. On the return of the boats they are hoisted up, main topsails are filled, and the squadron moves on. Dinner being over the signal is again made by flashing lights to 'heave to' as before, boats are once more lowered, and the captains arriving safely on board their respective ships, the signal is made to fill, and the squadron again proceeds on its way."

NOTES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

A SALMON weir at the Quamichan Indian village on the Cowichan River, east coast of Vancouver Island.—These weirs may be found on a few rivers of that island, and generally belong to the chief of the tribe, while they are heritable property, not by any legal documents, but by the strong arm which can assert that "might is right." They are often the cause of considerable ill-feeling amongst the Indians residing higher up the river, who insist as far as possible on the gates being open for a certain length of time each day, so as to allow some of the larger fish to ascend the river. During the salmon season an Indian will remain seated, as depicted in the view, with the trap-door of the weir up both by day and also by night. As soon as a salmon enters, he lets down the trap-door, and spears the fish, which cannot possibly escape when once inside. During the night, when it is too dark for the Indian to see, he falls asleep with his spear depending from his nose, which is placed in a cleft at one end, made for that purpose, similar to the notch, only more deeply cut, in an arrow to place on the string of a bow. If a salmon or fish passes through the door of the weir, he invariably runs against the point of the spear that is hanging from the Indian's nose, who at once lets down the trap-door, and spears the fish, which he is enabled to do, as every movement of the fish may be easily observed by the bright phosphorescent line which marks his track.

The Indian salmon "cache" in our engraving is placed high up a pine-tree for greater security to store the fish in for winter use, out of the way of dogs or other thieving vermin. These are very ingenious structures, and the supports are formed of poles and planks tied and fastened together in such a way as to sustain a very heavy weight. The Indian may rest assured that no other Indian will dare to rob him of any of its contents, as such depots are scrupulously respected. They also store in trees, higher up the country, dried roots for winter use, and bark or rush cradles may likewise be suspended in bushes or from the branches of trees; but for what reason or purpose it is difficult to say.

Zadoski's grave, by the side of the Fraser River, is one of the handsomest of the Indian mausoleums in that country. The deceased is represented carved in wood, with the base of the figure stuck upright in the ground. He has a piece of folded printed calico bound as a band round his head, and his legs are encased in or ornamented with another piece of printed calico of a lighter colour. Various deceased members of his family are represented in carved figures near to his own effigy. His family totem, or crest, which was a bear, is also artistically carved about the grave, of which the family was very proud. There was also suspended from one of the poles his gun, the lock having been previously removed to prevent robbery; and also for his convenience and comfort on his arrival in the happy hunting-grounds, several brass and copper kettles were disposed about the front part of the grave. There were holes purposely knocked in them, so as to render them unfit for any worldly thief, and most likely for himself also in that future home.

The Great Bluff on the Thompson River was blasted through in making the wagon road by a company of the Royal Engineers, who were sent out from England to assist in making it.

The Indian women as well as the men ride both alike on horseback, and race along at great speed full of life and pleasurable enjoyment.—Our engravings are from photographs forwarded to us by Mr. Fred Daily.

VIEWS IN MADAGASCAR, II.

THE chief physical feature of Madagascar is the central mountain mass, which begins with lofty hills at the northern extremity, and retains them till near the south cape. Ascending from the eastern coast at Tamatave to the capital, Antananarivo, the traveller meets and successively passes three mountain walls, each supporting a broad terrace behind it. Having reached the summit he finds himself on the broad plateau of Imerina, the dwelling place of the ruling tribes. This province, and that of Betsileo, constitute the two principal provinces of the island, but even in them the fertile and well-cultivated spots form but a small portion of the entire area. Nevertheless, bordered as it is by grand hills of varied forms, and studded with hundreds of villages and towns, Imerina is in many respects one of the most beautiful and picturesque provinces of Madagascar. Here it is gay with the brilliant green of the young rice, there it is shaded with dark patches of woodland; here lie the broad waters of the Queen's Lake, with its little island, on which is built the Summer Palace, embowered in trees; there stand conspicuous clusters of villages, with their neat huts, backed by noble ranges of granite mountains.

The Madagascar people are a single race, but they are divided into three principal tribes, and their institutions are still thoroughly tribal. Till lately all obligations were paid by feudal service; no salaries were paid in money, but officials were remunerated by land. Isolation from the outer world has retarded their progress, but they are kindly, orderly, intelligent, and loyal. They have a great affection for their Queen, and the Queen—who is an excellent Christian lady—has a warm affection for her people. There are more than a thousand congregations among them; some three hundred thousand of them are more or less under instruction; and many thousands prove by their conduct that they are not only intelligent, but sincere.

The above particulars are condensed from an interesting account of a journey through the island by the Rev. Joseph Mullens, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

Our engravings are from photographs furnished by Mr. F. A. Carter, 45, Great Cumberland Place, W.

LIEUTENANT JAMES ALLAN PARK

LIEUTENANT JAMES ALLAN PARK, 42nd Royal Highlanders, who died on the 16th of September at Ismailia, on board the hospital ship *Carthage*, of a mortal wound received at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, was the eldest son of the late Rev. James Allan Park, Vicar of Methwold, Norfolk. He was born on the 20th of August, 1853, was educated at Haileybury, and obtained his commission June 5th, 1876, joining his regiment at Malta. Lieutenant Park was married in August, 1879, to Alice Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Colonel A. Court Fisher, C.B., Royal Engineers. His

only child died last December. Much sympathy is felt for his young widow, who gave birth to a daughter one month after her husband's death.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Formosa Giuseppe Lorenzo, Valetta, Malta.

SIR THOMAS WATSON, M.D., F.R.S.

SIR THOMAS WATSON was the son of the late Mr. Joseph Watson, of Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, and was born at Kentisbeare, Devon, in 1792. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated as Tenth Wrangler in 1815. He took the degree of M.D. in 1825. He was appointed physician to the Middlesex, and afterwards to King's College Hospital; and it was at King's College that he delivered the famous lectures on the principles and practice of medicine which have caused his name to form part of the history of medical literature. Their polished literary style and pellucid clearness of expression have given a lasting popularity to these lectures, which, constantly re-edited, and lately (by another hand) corrected according to recent discoveries, have become a text-book of the practical applications of medicine. Mr. Watson soon attained to a very considerable practice, from which he retired some years ago; though up to quite lately he took a keen interest in scientific and public questions. Among his other many honourable posts he was President of the College of Physicians. He was married in 1825, but became a widower five years afterwards. He succeeded in the baronetcy by his only son, Mr. Arthur Townley Watson, a barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, who was born in 1830.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

LIEUTENANT GRAHAM-STIRLING

THIS promising young officer, the eldest son of T. J. Graham-Stirling, Esq., Laird of Strowan, Crieff, N.B., was born Dec. 20th, 1858. After serving for some time in the Royal Perthshire Rifles, he was in February, 1881, appointed a second Lieutenant in the Royal Highlanders, and in the following July he attained the rank of a Lieutenant. He was killed during the assault on Tel-el-Kebir near the centre of the enemy's works. Some of the flying Egyptians halted suddenly, and, unperceived by their assailants, took shelter under another line of works, and struck down many of the advancing party. Lieutenant Graham-Stirling was highly respected, being, in fact, a special favourite with all with whom he came in contact. His body was at first buried on the field where he fell, but was afterwards exhumed by the desire of his relatives, and brought to Scotland for interment.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Marshall Wane, George Street, Edinburgh.

THE NAVAL HOSPITAL, MALTA

LIEUTENANT ADAM G. BLACKBURN, of the 79th Highlanders, was wounded at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He was shot through the upper part of the thigh, and fell within two or three yards of the first trench. His case was, from the first, considered almost hopeless, nevertheless he was sent home in the *Carthage*. At Malta, however, the authorities decided that neither he nor Lieutenant Pirie, Gordon Highlanders, could survive the voyage, so they were taken to the Naval Hospital. Of Lieutenant Pirie we have no intelligence, but Lieutenant Blackburn has progressed steadily though slowly towards recovery, and he desires to bear testimony to the unremitting care and attention which he has received at the hands of the medical staff of the hospital, to whom, under Providence, he considers he owes his life. Our readers may under these circumstances be pleased to see a view of an establishment where such kindness has been shown to at least two of our gallant soldiers.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Davison, 57, Strada Reale, Valetta.

SKETCHES AT AN INDIAN KUCHERRY

THESE sketches depict every day incidents of judicial procedure in India. First we have a "quiet argument" between plaintiff and defendant. Respect for the Court, and a wholesome fear of committal for contempt, restrain litigants from using their tongues while cases are being tried; but outside the building the ear is constantly startled by the most terrific arguments. Then we see how work is done under a tropical sun, for the long hot-weather days make the hard-worked Indian official very much inclined to go to sleep, while the droning voice of the native writer reading out effusive and interminable reports and petitions tends greatly to enhance the somnolent tendency. Whipping is a punishment dreaded by habitual criminals, whether young or old, still more so is it dreaded by natives of the non-criminal classes. Our friend in the corner is a shopkeeper, and is bewailing his hard fate rather vociferously. Lastly, we see two women petitioners. Sometimes the native women very strenuously object to their husbands taking second wives; the result is a petition filed in Court. The petitioner is not as a rule very particular what she applies for. Anything from security to keep the peace to maintenance for desertion may be the relief for which the two ladies in question may be applying.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Fred. Field, Ludhiana, Punjab, India.

"EVENING"

CHILDREN always look forward impatiently to growing older, being unaware that they will never taste, in after life, some of the purest and sweetest pleasures of their young days. Among these is the being put to bed by mother. Here is one of the advantages of comparative poverty. No transfer to a distant nursery, where, even if mother visits us in our cots, she presently leaves us, and goes, as it seems, miles away. Whereas here, mother is with us until we have travelled into the land of unconsciousness. We say our simple prayers at her knee, and, as our eyes grow dim with sleep, we still see her beloved form (with baby in her arms) close by our bedside.

"WINTER"

MRS. ALMA-TADEMA here gives us a charming bit of wintry landscape, and makes us long to take that urchin's place, and warm our blood by urging the sledge and its pretty little occupant along at express speed.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is concluded this week.

CRICKET ON THE BOSPHORUS

THE victories gained last summer by our Australian visitors showed that in cricket a second-rate lot of men, if they are well disciplined and are constantly playing together, may become all but impregnable. When the British Fleet anchors in a foreign port, officers and men resolve to introduce the natives to the mysteries of cricket, the team rarely possesses the virtues which distinguished the Antipodeans above-mentioned. The individual members differ in age, in rank, and in ship—it is usually quite a medley.

Let us imagine such a scene on the Bosphorus. A fair field, fringed with the cypresses of Scutari, beneath which many a hero lies buried. The spectators are Pera bankers and merchants, with their numerous and enthusiastic families; officers and men belonging to various ships in harbour; and occasional clumps of Turks or Greeks, who deem cricket only secondary in madness to football.

A SHOOTING TRIP AT VIGO

THESE sketches are sent by Lieutenant W. R. Swinburne, of H.M.S. *Northumberland*, and represent some incidents of a two days' shooting trip up Vigo Harbour during the stay of the Channel Fleet in that port. The party consisted of some eighteen naval officers, principally midshipmen, and, as the first sketch shows, the

start was a right merry one, though a rain squall catching the cutter carried away part of the peak of the gaff while getting down the topsail, and once more proved the truth of the old adage, "More haste, less speed." A goodly store of provisions were of course laid in, and the sketch shows a fair proportion of soda water bottles and a mysterious basket-covered jar. As regards actual sport, as may be seen by the bag, the trip was a decided failure, owing, we are told, to the bad weather, and to another and potential reason, the scarcity of game. The unfavourable weather is amply shown in the sketches, one of which depicts a very "narrow squeak in a squall," which caused a general shout of, "Let go the main sheet, or she'll be over."

Eighteen-Eighty-Two

GENERAL SURVEY.—A troubled and eventful year, in which England for once has played the leading part in a manner worthy of her ancient renown, closes under circumstances which naturally inspire a modest sense of triumph as regards the past, and a greater hopefulness of the future. At its commencement, veiled rebellion in Ireland had been scarcely checked by the imprisonment of its leaders; rents were still commonly held back in Munster and Connaught; and each month registered a tale of outrages, the victims of which in too many cases were men who simply wished to obey the law rather than the orders of the secret societies. Abroad the increasing boldness of the mutinous Egyptian soldiery under their favourite leader Arabi, encouraged privily by the Sultan, threatened British interests on their most sensitive point; while the great military Empires of the Continent seemed more desirous to impede than to assist the two Western Powers in their first efforts for the re-establishment of order. At its close, after a short but glorious campaign, in which our Army and Navy have been matched for the first time since the Crimean War against enemies equipped and organised after the latest European fashion, we find ourselves masters in Egypt, with the approval of all the Continental Powers, except France; while in Ireland the revolt against law has dwindled down into a milder form of political discontent, and savage crime is slowly but steadily disappearing, as the Coercion Act becomes better understood, and perpetrators of outrages become aware that they can no longer place a confident trust in the difficulty of procuring evidence against them, or the reluctance of juries to return verdicts in accordance with the facts. The Ministry, after being sorely tried by many storms and two notable secessions, is now—so at least its friends believe—more powerful than ever, and has been armed with powers for the better conduct of business in Parliament, to which it is safe to say no former House since Tudor times would have assented. And the loyalty which guards the throne has been shown to be neither enfeebled nor extinct by the rejoicings at the escape of the Queen from the attempt upon her life by the lunatic Maclean, and the more recent heartiness of her reception on her late public appearances in London. Abroad the tranquil surface of affairs has been ruffled only by domestic troubles in the case of the greater European States, or once or twice by that shiver of alarm which even shadows may cause where every nation is armed from head to foot against its neighbour. The fall of M. Gambetta at the beginning of the year proved the signal in France for a tame, not to say timid, policy anxiously carried out by Ministries who preferred to follow, not to lead, the Chambers. Against this there have latterly been symptoms of reaction. The overthrow of French ascendancy in Egypt has been a pill which the *grande nation* finds it hard to swallow, and the first signs of its discontent have been a feverish desire to push annexation (whether profitable or not) in half-a-dozen quarters in Africa and Asia. Prince Bismarck, if scarcely more successful than last year in his attempts to take the sting out of his two domestic enemies, Socialism and Ultramontanism, still guides the foreign policy of the Empire with his accustomed mastery, and has quite recently contrived to remind all whom it may concern that there is a formal Treaty of Alliance between Germany and Austria, which will very probably be renewed in 1884, and that while this Treaty lasts the two allies can defy all comers. In Russia, Pan Slavism has made no sign since the death of its young hero, Skobelev. Nihilist plots, though crowned this year with short-lived success in only one solitary instance, still largely engross the attention of the authorities; while in Central Asia Tcherniaeff has enough to do in consolidating, without at present adding to, the gains of Kauffmann and of Skobelev. The Sultan, whose visions of a union of all Islam under his leadership have been rudely shattered by British victories in Egypt, has begun to cherish suspicions of all his *entourage*, and has even dismissed his Circassian Guard. In Italy the claims of the civil tribunals to decide a matter in dispute between an *employé* of the Vatican and his superiors have still further widened the existing gulf between the Papacy and the State, though the remonstrances of Pope Leo have apparently excited little interest in the Catholic Powers to which they were addressed. In Spain the attempts of the veteran Serrano to form a new party in the Cortes seem likely to end in strengthening the hands of the present Liberal Premier, and through him of the young King as a Constitutional Monarch according to the Constitution of 1876. Tunis no longer gives much trouble to the French, and the Boers of the Transvaal seem fully able to deal with hostile or contumacious Caffres. In Peru guerilla bands still carry on a desultory resistance to the Chilean Army of Occupation, while Chili declines to moderate her terms or accept the United States' offer of arbitration. In the Great Republic of the North the superabundant revenue—the receipts for the year are 80,600,000, and the expenditure only 51,600,000.—cannot but lead to certain reductions of taxation, from which other nations may derive some profit. The attempts of the American-Irish and their friends to create ill-feeling between the two countries in consequence of the arrest of suspicious travellers in Ireland have been at no time likely to have any serious result.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—Early in the year it had become evident that the arrest of "suspects," and their temporary removal to comfortable quarters in Kilmainham Gaol, was at best an insufficient remedy for a deep-rooted disease, while the detention of prisoners without trial was altogether opposed to Radical principles. Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster had to be sacrificed to party exigencies, and the release of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly, in virtue of what has been called "the Kilmainham Treaty," was regarded as the signal of a new departure. But the more violent Nationalists (the party of terror) had not been taken into account, and the hopes of the Government were dashed to the ground by the horrible assassinations in the Phoenix Park, of which Lord F. Cavendish, the new Irish Secretary, and Mr. Burke, were the guiltless victims. Stronger measures were now universally admitted to be indispensable, and after a fierce struggle with the Irish members a stringent Coercion Act was carried through both Houses, and the Executive, armed at length with sufficient powers, prepared to grapple in good earnest with its enemies. An Arrears Act was at the same time passed to enable the poorer class of tenants to take advantage of the Land Bill. A dangerous spirit of discontent, which first manifested itself in the County Constabulary, and later on affected the Metropolitan Police, causing Dublin to be left for two entire days to the care of hastily enrolled Special Constables, was in each case quelled by a mixture of firmness and of concession—for the men had really very tangible grievances; and the police of the capital, too weak numerically for its multifarious duties, has been wisely augmented by some 500 picked men of good character who have been allowed to volunteer from the Marines. The murderers of the

Joyce family, of Lord Ardilaun's bailiff, and others, have been brought to justice, and though daring outrages still occur from time to time (including within the last few weeks an attempt upon the life of Mr. Justice Lawson, and another, only defeated by the vigorous constitution of the victim, on an obnoxious juror, Mr. Field), there can be little doubt that public opinion in all classes is opposed as a rule to these repulsive crimes, and will gladly see the reign of terror at an end. The New National League, which is to take the place of the old Home Rule and Land Leagues, has hitherto been only moderately successful; and Mr. Davitt's scheme for the Nationalisation of the Land, finds no approval among the tenant-farmers. The darkest spot is once again in the West, where the failure of the potato crop has reduced many of the cotters to a state bordering on destitution. In other respects the year at home has been uneventful. The harvest, if not above the average, will at least compare favourably with recent seasons; and the improvement in trade, distinctly noticeable in 1881, has on the whole been well maintained, though those who predicted a great revival of business activity profess some disappointment. The success of the land agitation in Ireland has naturally had its effect upon the sister country, and English farmers very generally demand some alteration in our existing land laws; while in the West of Scotland and in Caithness the Celtic crofters have banded themselves together quite in a Hibernian spirit against the encroachments, as they consider them, of their landlords. Of the dastardly attempt of Roderick Maclean to discharge a pistol at Her Majesty—a crime engendered seemingly of a mind diseased by morbid vanity—we have already spoken. The last of Her Majesty's unwedded sons, the Duke of Albany, was happily married, on the 27th April, to the Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont. To the bibliophile 1882 will long be memorable as the year of the dispersion of the Sunderland, Hamilton, and Beckford libraries.

EGYPT.—The man would have been generally derided who had predicted in January that before the summer was half spent Great Britain would venture single-handed on the task of restoring order in Egypt; while the idea of joint action with France, foreshadowed in the Collective Notes of the 8th, had collapsed, if even it was ever seriously entertained, before the frowns of the other Powers, and the fall from office of the Gambettist Ministry. All efforts to induce the Sultan to exert his Suzerain power as he had done in the case of Ismail were foiled by the evasive attitude of Abd-ul-Hamid, until at length Arabi Pasha and his colleagues in the Ministry broke through all legal bounds by attempting to convoke the Chamber of Notables over the Khédive's head, and France and England made up their minds to despatch a combined squadron to Alexandria. The riots in that city on the 11th of June, in which fifty Europeans perished, and many more, including Mr. Cookson, the British Consul, were seriously injured, were followed by a stampede of the foreign residents, and a complete collapse of all business undertakings. The troops under Arabi, in defiance of all remonstrances, continued to construct new batteries, with the obvious design of making the position of the fleet untenable, until at length the British Admiral sent in an ultimatum, and, finding that this also was disregarded, gave orders on the 11th of July for the bombardment of the forts. The French evaded responsibility by putting to sea, as did the ships of other Powers, some of whose Marines, however, did good police duty later on. But our own ironclads crushed all opposition, and Alexandria, deserted by its garrison, though not before the Foreign Quarter had been set on fire and pillaged, was occupied by our Marines on the 13th, the Khédive, who had been for some time a virtual prisoner in the hands of the soldiers, gladly placing himself under the protection of our flag. The story of the war has been told at length in our pages. Held in check by the British garrison on the side of Alexandria, and vigorously attacked by the main body of our forces from Ismailia, the Egyptian army after the defeat of Tel-el-Kebir disbanded of its own accord, leaving its leaders prisoners in our hands. The victors (save 11,000 men left under General Graham as an Army of Occupation) were sent swiftly back to England and India, to be fêted at innumerable receptions; while the complete collapse of the fanatical spirit which at the outset of the war had prompted the fellahs to the massacre of Christians at Tintah and other places has shown how slight was the hold which Arabi really had over the masses of the population. The restoration of Tewfik Pasha brought new difficulties, the most pressing of which was the fate of the chief mutineers—the Khédive, not unnaturally, desiring their execution, while England was resolved that their lives should not be forfeited. Lord Dufferin, whose diplomatic skill had already been amply tried, first in attempting to persuade the Sultan to intervene, and then, when England had taken the matter up, in averting the arrival of a Turkish contingent on the scene of action, was sent from Constantinople for the purpose, and the Arabi difficulty has at length been solved by the ex-Pasha and his colleagues pleading guilty and receiving formal sentence of death, commuted to perpetual exile in some place assigned to them by the British Government. Ceylon has been chosen for their internment, and the tragedy-comedy was completed on Christmas Day by their public degradation in the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, the day before they were sent under guard to Suez. Sir Evelyn Wood has been sent out to Egypt to take the supreme military direction of affairs, including alike the chief command of the army of occupation, the reconstruction of the Egyptian army, and the regulation of the new *gendarmérie* which Baker Pasha had begun to form. Other questions, political and financial, still remain, and it is very certain that our recent victories have also largely added to our responsibilities.

FRANCE.—The failure of M. Gambetta's grandiose schemes of Senatorial Reform and election of deputies by *scrutin de liste* might, but for the prestige of his name, have been anticipated in advance. To the former proposal it seemed a sufficient answer that the triennial elections of the New Year had made the Senate a completely Republican assembly; the latter was rendered specially distasteful by the Premier's dictatorial tone, the nervous dread of a "spirited foreign policy" if once he commanded a thoroughly subservient Chamber, and the natural dislike of recently elected members to a measure which in the natural course of things would be followed by a dissolution. M. de Freycinet, who succeeded with a so-called "Ministry of Conciliation," though a *persona grata* at Berlin, had ill luck almost from the outset. The Budget, although framed by M. Say, failed to satisfy the Committee; the negotiations for a Commercial Treaty with England came to nought, and a short Act with a "favoured nation" clause had to be passed at the eleventh hour as a temporary measure. The Minister of Justice experienced a sharp rebuff on the question of the irremovability of the judges, and in July the Ministry sustained a graver censure for dallying with a proposal to restore the Central Mayoralty to Paris. The Cabinet could not stand another shock, and fell a fortnight later on the defeat (by an immense majority) of its demand for a little vote of credit (376,000*fr.*) to fit out a modest expedition for the protection of the Suez Canal. It was succeeded by another stop-gap combination, in which the post of Premier was assigned to M. Duclerc, a septuagenarian Senator, who held the Portfolio of Finance in 1848, and whose Ministry, favoured by the Gambettists and by the vacation, has somehow managed to survive the year. Anger at England's apparent determination to accept the situation as France left it, and do without her former ally in Egypt, has latterly cooled down, though dissatisfaction still betrays itself in wild attempts to get compensation somewhere else—on the Congo, in Tonquin, or in cessions of territory in Madagascar. M. Grévy's warm reception of the new Nuncio may be held to show that the Public

Education Act, which came into force in October, will continue to be carried out in a spirit of moderation. It is now, indeed, very generally acknowledged that rabid attacks upon the Church by no means tend to make Republicanism popular. Socialist outbreaks at Monceaux-les-Mines and Lyons, if not particularly formidable in themselves, attest the deep hatred of the existing social order which characterises the wilder Radicals. The financial year has been less satisfactory than usual. M. Tirard's new Budget is believed by many to conceal a very considerable deficit, and it seems certain that the great schemes of public works have been carried out a good deal too hastily. The wild speculation in the beginning of the year which brought down the Union Générale of Lyons with enormous losses to the *agents de change* both of that city and of Paris caused suffering for which the five years' imprisonment of MM. Bontoux and Féder, the fraudulent directors of the bank, have been a very slight atonement; while the rural population has suffered greatly in its turn from the failure of the vintage and the increasing ravages of the *phylloxera*. A gastric complaint following on a wound in the hand through the accidental discharge of a revolver has kept M. Gambetta in retirement for some weeks, though it has not deprived the party of his guidance. The funeral of Louis Blanc on December 12th was ungraced by the presence of the Extreme Socialists, whose favour M. Blanc had forfeited through his imperfect sympathy with the Communards.

EASTERN EUROPE.—Panslavist indiscretions, Nihilist plots, and further outrages on the much-enduring Jews, marked the first months of the year in Russia. The Warsaw riots, in which 10,000 Israelites were made homeless, were followed by similar disturbances elsewhere, until stern measures of repression put an end to outbreaks for which much blame is due to the toleration of the authorities. The Panslavists, deeply moved by the revolt against Austria of the Dalmatian mountaineers, found in Skobelev a spokesman whose simulated ashness—the speech to Serbian students in Paris—made a deep impression in German circles, and caused him to be recalled and sharply censured; though his appointment to a high command at Moscow proved either that the censure was not meant, or that Skobelev was too powerful a subject to be shelved. The Nihilists, undeterred by the repeated discovery of their designs, and the trial early in the year of twenty-two of their confederates, continued their nefarious schemes, and at Odessa assassinated in open day one of the most active of their official enemies, General Strelnikoff, Public Prosecutor at Kiev. But the main currents of Russian policy remained unaltered. The retirement of Prince Gortschakoff, after sixty-five years' service, and the appointment of M. de Giers in his room, followed not long after by the substitution of Count Tolstoy, a retrograde politician of the older school, for the restless Ignatieff as Minister of the Interior, were both events that would give pleasure at Berlin. The mysterious death of Skobelev in July removed from the scene a national hero who was fast becoming dangerously great. Nihilism received a further check in the arrest of forty conspirators at St. Petersburg, and the formation of a counter-association, a Secret Holy League, with the avowed object of combating the anarchists on their own ground. On the 25th day of his patron saint, St. Alexander Newsky, the Czar even ventured to drive through St. Petersburg in an open carriage, and comparatively unguarded.—In the East a satisfactory treaty has been made with Persia for the better definition of the frontier on the side of the Attrek, and the care of Central Asia has been committed to the able hands of the popular Tcherniaieff.—The embarrassments of Turkey have been only turned to account to obtain a settlement of the War Indemnity of 1878, nor does it seem that any danger lurked in the recent circular tour of M. de Giers. So far, at least, as the Czar's words prove anything, the old friendship with the German Court remains unbroken.—In Turkey Abd-ul-Hamid has overreached himself, and by his double-dealing in the first six months of the year, when his whole aim in the matter of the Conference, and in the mission of Dervish Pasha, was really to prevent any intervention of the Western Powers, has thrown away a chance which is not likely to return. Projects of reform, which begin and end on paper, and Ministerial changes, which usually end in the return to power of Said Pasha as the only practicable Grand Vizier, have little real influence on events. The Sultan's fears of treason are probably well founded, though the universal discontent still hesitates to declare itself against the last possible ruler from the House of Othman.—A frontier dispute with Greece has been arranged, and friendly relations now exist between Athens and the Porte. From the smaller States of the Peninsula there is little to report beyond the assumption by Prince Milan of the title of King of Servia, his attempted assassination by the widow of Colonel Marcovic—a woman generally believed to be insane; and from Bulgaria continued quarrels between Prince Alexander and the Liberal Bulgars, backed by the Russian Consul-General, with which the Czar has declined to interfere.

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.—In Germany the year opened somewhat threateningly with a startling Rescript, issued by the Emperor as King of Prussia, declaring that all official acts had their origin in his will, and not with the responsible Ministry, and that men holding official positions should vote at elections for the Government candidates, or at all events should not openly oppose them. But the effect of the Rescript soon passed away, and the battle between the Chancellor and his opponents continued to be waged on the old lines. The renewal of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and the appointment of the author of the May Laws, Dr. Falk, to a high legal position, which would necessitate his resigning his seat in the Chamber, seemed to argue a definite truce with Rome; but the recalcitrant action of the Bishop of Breslau, a prelate with a diocese half in Prussia, half in Austria, again brought matters to a crisis, and even the gentle Pope gave the Government to understand that there could be no lasting peace with Rome until the May Laws had been entirely withdrawn. Failure, too, attended the Prince in his attempts to carry the Government Tobacco Bill. The new Diet, in which Bills will be introduced relieving the poorest classes from the personal tax, may prove a more manageable instrument than its predecessor, though not perhaps unless Prince Bismarck leans more decidedly than before on the Conservatives and the Clericals. Like many of its neighbours, the Empire has suffered much from autumn floods, and 25,000*fr.* has been set aside for the relief of the sufferers in the valleys of the Rhine and the Moselle.—The desperate resistance of the men of Crivoscia and of the Herzegovina to the enforcement of the Austrian conscription could not maintain itself, without any support from Turkey and only casual and scanty help from the Panslavists, against the combined operations of a large army of regular troops. By the end of spring the revolt was thoroughly suppressed, though many of the insurgents left their homes for good, to live as exiles in Montenegro. Relations with Italy have been somewhat chilled; in the first place through some difficulty as to the place in which the Emperor-King should return King Humbert's visit—Italian punctilio insisting upon Rome, and Austrian Catholicism equally objecting to it; and next by the atrocious plot of Oberdank to assassinate the Emperor on his visit to Trieste by means of Orsini bombs, and the subsequent execution of the would-be murderer. The trial of the officials implicated in the Ring Theatre disaster resulted in the acquittal of all but three, for whom short terms of imprisonment and the payment of 6,000 florins compensation were deemed sufficient punishment. Pan-Slavist plots among the Ruthenes of Galicia in the spring, and Socialist outbreaks in Prague and Vienna, in the later months of the year, have but slightly impaired the general tranquillity, and the loyalty with which the 600th anniversary of the accession of the House of Hapsburg has been everywhere *fêted*, goes far to show that, in spite of many domestic

quarrels, the Dual Kingdom is by no means, as many think, a house divided against itself. In Italy a new Reform Bill has returned at the general elections a Chamber only differing from its predecessor in a slight increase of the Radical element—an increase which will probably be more than counterbalanced if Government carry their proposed Oaths Bill, making the retention of a seat dependent on the new member taking the constitutional oath. Of Italy's relations with Austria, and the increased bitterness imported into the perennial conflict between the Papacy and the State by what Leo VIII. considers an intimation that "he is no longer free to exercise sovereign rights within his own palace," we have already spoken. Neither Garibaldi's visit to Palermo in the spring, nor his death amidst universal mourning at Caprera, were events of any political importance, however memorable for other reasons. Beyond the collapse of Serrano's ill-managed, if it were really an honest, effort to form a new political party from a fusion of Moderate Republicans and Conservatives, and the birth of a new Infanta, there is little to record in Spain. The resistance of the Catalans to Sagasta's move in the direction of Free Trade was ineffectual; it was clear indeed from the very first which policy best advanced the national interests.

AMERICA AND THE COLONIES.—In the United States the trial of the miscreant Giteau ended in January in a verdict of "Guilty." Application for a new trial and appeal to Washington in arrest of judgment were alike unsuccessful, and he was hanged on the 30th of June. Floods in the Mississippi valley in March reduced 50,000 people to temporary destitution, and later on there came disastrous strikes of ironworkers and railway employes, ending in each case in the surrender of the strikers. A Chinese Exclusion Bill was carried through Congress, and there was some fiery talk, which meant very little, about the arrests of American citizens in Ireland, and neglect of their interests by the United States Minister in London. Supplies from America for the Irish Nationalists fell off rapidly after the murders in the Phoenix Park, and the zeal of sympathisers has very generally waxed cold. Jewish emigrants from Russia were another disappointment, and in many cases had to be sent back to Europe, as they declined to labour on the land. In British North America the chief event has been the visit of the Marquis of Lorne to the Pacific coast. In the West Indies an incendiary fire has reduced to ashes almost all the business quarter of Kingston, Jamaica, causing damage roughly estimated at several millions sterling. In India a Budget, notably reducing the tax on salt, proposals for the extension of Local Government, and the encouragement of public opinion among the natives, and a Rent Bill, framed in the interests of the tenants, and strongly opposed by the Zemindar class and by Conservative lawyers like the Chief Justice, have been the chief events of the year. The success in Egypt of the Indian Contingent has generally delighted the Englishmen and natives. The Sirhind Canal, one of the largest works of irrigation in the world, was opened by the Viceroy in November. Two-thirds of the cost have been borne by the British Government, and one-third, or nearly so, by the Native States, which will also share in the general benefit.—The threatened opposition to the French on the part of China has been averted by the outbreak of a revolt in the South-East, which has called away the army destined for Tonquin.—In Africa the return of Cetewayo to his dominions, a grace accorded to him on his visit to this country, will soon become a *fait accompli*, with what result it would be hard to say. The Basuto difficulty has been yet further complicated by a quarrel between General Gordon and the Ministry at the Cape, whom the General accuses of breach of faith, both to himself and the chief Masupha.—In Sydney the Exhibition building has been burned down, and damage done to the extent of half a million. In New Zealand an attempt has failed to persuade the Maori King to abdicate, though the offers included an annuity of 400*l.*, a seat in the Legislative Council, a justiceship of the peace, and other advantages.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In Switzerland the May *fêtes* to celebrate the opening of the St. Gothard Tunnel were a great success, though Germany and Italy were the only two other countries represented. The inaugural train passed through on the 23rd. The line had been delivered over to the company by the contractors in the month of January.—Floods of an unusually destructive kind have visited North-Eastern Italy and Tyrol. The existence of famine in Iceland during the summer, much disputed at the time by various would-be wise men, has been officially confirmed by the authorities of the island in their acknowledgment of the supplies sent from England.—Against the wreck of the *Jeannette* may now be set the fortunate escape of Mr. Leigh Smith and his companions, beset in the previous summer off Franz Josef Land.—The obituary for the year includes the names of Commander Selby, killed by Albanian shepherds on the shores of the Bosphorus; Professor Palmer, Captain Gill, and Lieutenant Charrington, murdered by Bedouins near Nakhil, while engaged on a perilous mission for the Government; Charles Darwin, Professor Christison, and General Palliser among men of science; Archbishop Tait and Dr. Pusey among the divines; Rice, Ainsworth, and Trollope among our novelists; Lawson and Linnell among our landscape painters; Longfellow and Rossetti, the painter-poet; Professor Green and Dr. Pauli, the historian.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

He was not wont, as many others use,
The noble life of Letters to abuse;
Its darker ways and works he did not choose.

Nor his the idle tortures of unrest,
Blind doubts and fears that haunt th' unhealthy breast;
Riddles that ne'er have been, nor shall be guessed.

Not on such themes his fancy loved to brood;
He looked on life, and saw that it was good
Or bad, according to the gazer's mood.

And his was good. By the clear light of sense
He drew men as they are, without pretence
To re-gild virtue, or to lash offence.

He drew the life of which his life was part;
Drew it with faithful hand and loving heart,
Making a friend, not tyrant, of his art.

He writ the homely annals of his day,
What English men and women do and say,
The fireside story of their work and play.

He sought not Fashion's mood, nor Fancy's grace;
Within his mirror all who would might trace
The literal likeness of a human face.

And thousands did on thousands; maid and wife,
Father and son; for pure his page as lie,
And both with honest thought and purpose rife.

What though the man were rugged to the view,
And blunt of speech; no one who knew him knew
A soul more gentle, generous, and true.

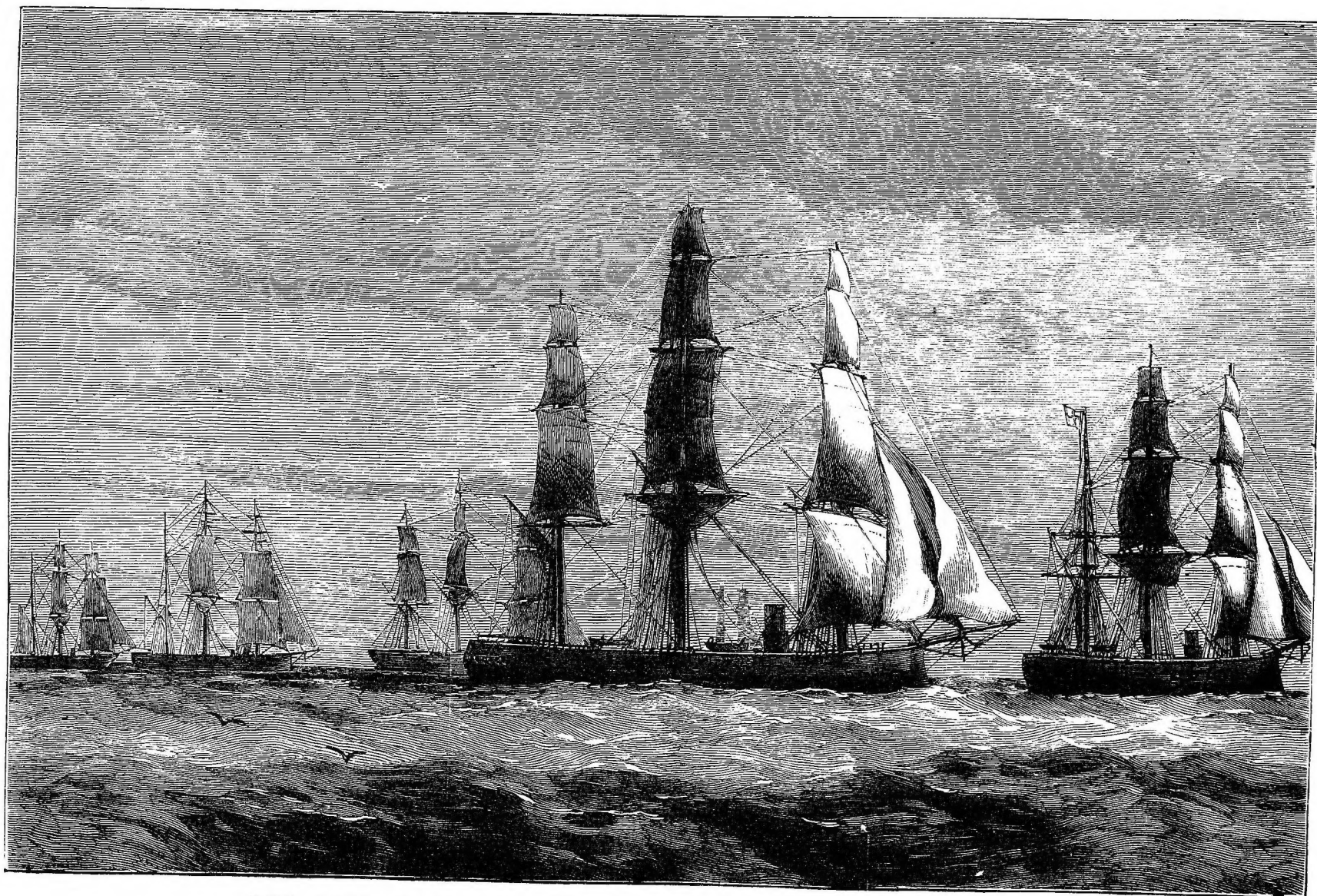
The world can show us many an ampler page,
Records of deeper grief and nobler rage,
Of loftier thoughts from poet and from sage.

But eyes now bright shall wax with searching blind,
Ere they may hope another friend to find,
In hand more steadfast, and in heart more kind.

MOWBRAY MORRIS



DR. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, BISHOP OF TRURO
THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY



THE CRUISE OF THE PACIFIC SQUADRON—DINING OUT



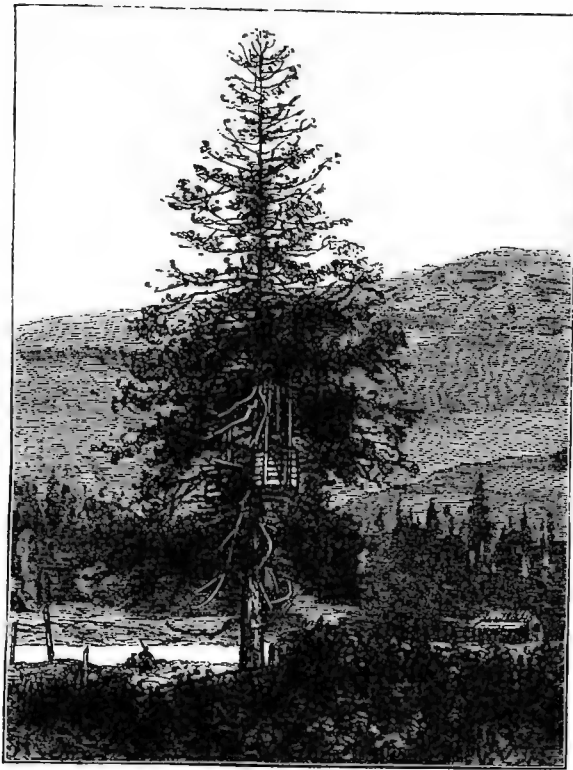
"EVENING"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MISS CHARLOTTE J. WEEKES, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

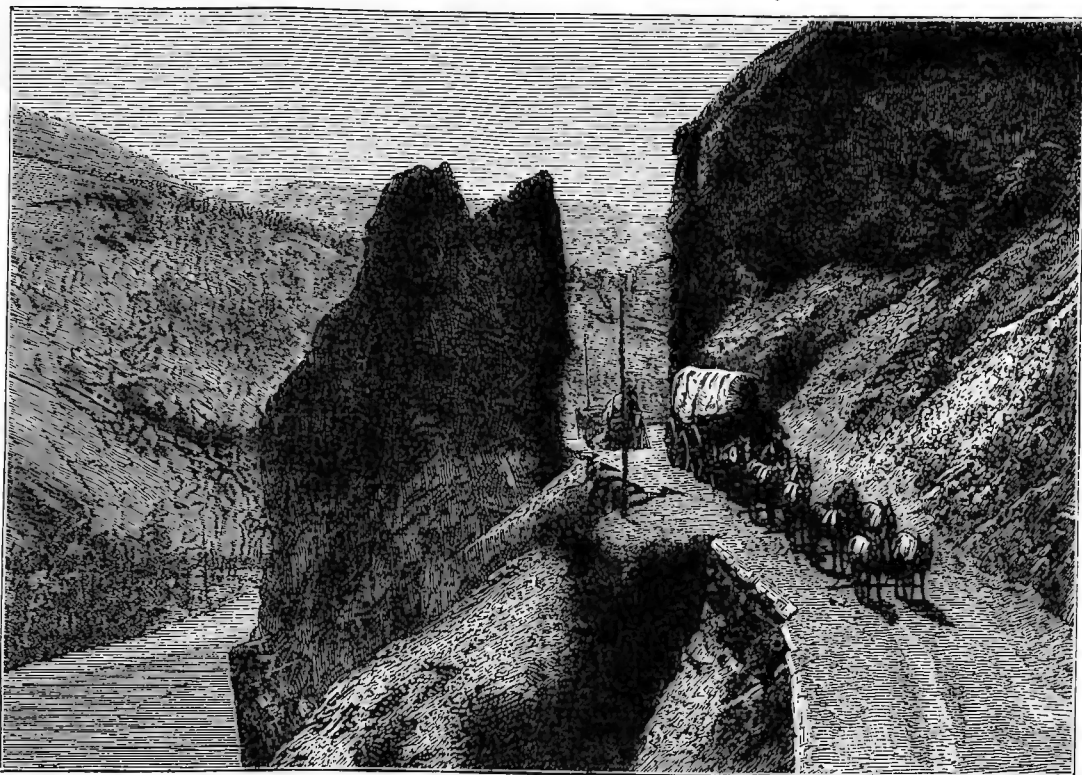


"WINTER"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MRS. LAURA T. ALMA-TADEMA, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



AN INDIAN SALMON CACHE, OR STOREHOUSE, IN A TREE
AT YALE, FRASER RIVER



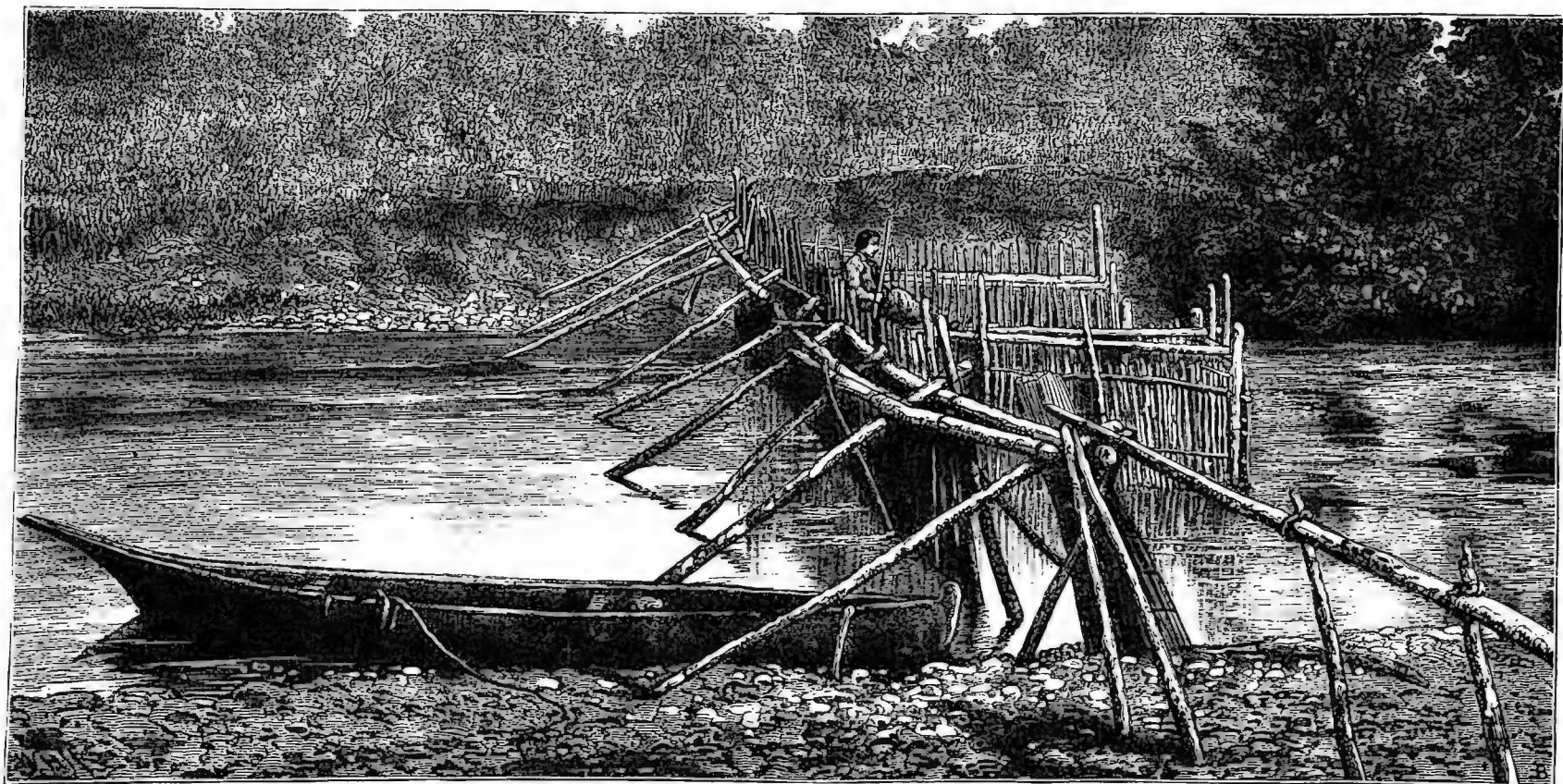
THE GREAT BLUFF ON THE THOMPSON RIVER



A RIDING PARTY



THE GRAVE OF ZADOSKI, AN INDIAN CHIEF, AT CHAPMAN'S BAR,
FRASER RIVER



A SALMON WEIR NEAR THE QUAMICHAN INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE COWICHAN RIVER, VANCOUVER ISLAND



DAMP muggy weather caused holiday-makers on Christmas Day and Tuesday to display a marked preference for in-door entertainments, and business on the railway lines was duller than it had been for many previous years. But the temptation offered on the present occasion to take an outing from Saturday to Tuesday was even more accountable for this than the weather. Thus, on Saturday, 24,568 passengers were booked in London for stations on the South-Eastern line; on Christmas Day only 10,995; and on Tuesday, up to noon, 5,151. At the various Police Courts the Tuesday morning charges were in no instance much above, and in most decidedly below, the average. At Canterbury, however, there was a fight between the Inniskillings and the Bufts, in which at least four men, including a sergeant who tried to quell the riot, received dangerous bayonet wounds.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, it is announced, will enter the Cabinet as President of the Local Government Board, Mr. Dodson becoming Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a post which has been held since the secession of Mr. Bright by the Earl of Kimberley, in conjunction with the Secretaryship for the Colonies. The appointment will necessitate a new election for Chelsea, and the Liberals of that borough are already mustering their forces to prevent the possibility of a surprise, though it is considered very unlikely that the Conservatives will attempt to contest the seat.—Mr. Bright, M.P., who had been asked to speak at a Liberal gathering at Haslingden, preferred to make excuse. "The fact is," he said, "I must leave public meetings and platform work to younger men."—Very general pleasure was expressed at the issue of a bulletin on Saturday stating that "Mr. Fawcett's convalescence is now completely established, but he will require several weeks' repose and change for the complete restoration of his powers." The genial temperature of the last few days has proved most beneficial, and it is hoped he will soon be able to depart for the South of France or some similar locality. He is able to sign official documents, and to converse on business with Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. A resolution of sympathy from the working men electors of Hackney has been acknowledged by Mrs. Fawcett.—The statue of Lord Beaconsfield, modelled for the National Memorial Committee by Signor Raggi, was successfully cast in bronze last Saturday at the works of Messrs. Young and Co., of Pimlico. In a few days it will be taken out of the mould to be chased and finished prior to its erection in Parliament Square—a ceremony which will provide an opportunity for a Conservative demonstration.

THE CONVICTION OF MICHAEL FLYNN in Galway has been followed up at Cork by a verdict of guilty in the case of Poff and Barrett, the murderers of Thomas Brown of Castleisland. Poff, who at one time evinced a desire to turn Queen's evidence, is believed to be one of the most dangerous characters as yet arrested. On leaving the dock he was heard to mutter, "This will not stop the work at Castleisland."—Westgate has been discharged at the request of the prosecution, his confession being indisputably shown to be the result either of fraud or of hallucination. He left the dock hurriedly, without uttering a word.—The *United Ireland* of last week was seized for an article entitled "Accusing Spirits," and Mr. W. O'Brien, the proprietor, has been summoned to answer to the charge of inciting to violence and intimidation. The case has been adjourned till Monday, when witnesses will be called in justification of the article. A summons has also been served on Mr. Biggar, M.P., for his intemperate speech at Waterford.—From the West, but more especially from Mayo, come continued stories of distress among the labourers and cotters, whose potato crop has apparently altogether failed. A fully attended meeting of the Irish Distress Fund Association was held on Saturday at the City Club to organise a movement in London for their relief.—Mr. Kavanagh writes to say that the Land Corporation, far from being dropped, will shortly be re-established on a perfectly sound and secure basis, and that the new prospectus will be issued shortly after Christmas.—At a meeting presided over by Lord Bandon upwards of 2,000 were subscribed towards an exhibition next year of manufactures, arts, and industries at Cork. Warned by the example of Dublin, the promoters of the scheme will avoid all patronage, and landlords, Land Leaguers, and men of business will act together on equal terms.—Mr. Davitt has been addressing clever, one-sided speeches to crowded audiences at Bermondsey and Wolverhampton on the necessity of doing away with the 15,000 landlords, and permitting Irishmen to govern themselves. It was absurd, he said, to suppose that Ireland would break away so long as England had an army and navy, or that emigration was a remedy for discontent. Political dissatisfaction would be just as great if the population were reduced to a couple of millions.

IN SKYE LORD MACDONALD has come to terms with the Braes crofters, and withdrawn his request for the assistance of police. At Glendale, on the other hand, the proprietors have petitioned the Court of Session to take measures against the refractory tenants, and to punish five of the ring-leaders, whose names they give.

THE MAIL TRAIN FROM CALENDER to OBAN had a narrow escape on Saturday from what might have proved a terrible disaster. It was entering the Pass of Brander at the reduced speed of ten miles an hour, when the engine ran into a mass of rock which had been detached by recent rains from the shoulder of Ben Cruachan at a spot where only a few feet intervene between the rails and the waters of Loch Awe. Fortunately the engine did not fall over the edge, and the injuries done were limited to a severe shaking. Gangs of labourers were for some time employed blowing up the fallen mass with dynamite.—At Exeter on Friday morning a fire broke out in a benzoline store upon the quay, which rapidly spread to two others close by, each store as it caught fire exploding with a tremendous shock. The burning oil ran down into the river, and set fire to a brigantine at anchor, the crew, the captain, and his wife narrowly escaping by dropping into a boat astern.—And in London there has been another fire at Mr. Whiteley's, "the Universal Provider," Westbourne Grove, which did 20,000l. worth of damage before it was extinguished.

THE MALAGASY ENVOYS leave London for Lancashire on Monday, and will be present at a reception at the Town Hall, Liverpool, on Tuesday. At Manchester they will be the guests of Mr. H. Lee, M.P. Arrangements are being made to receive them in Birmingham and in Nottingham.



ARABI and his fellow prisoners have left EGYPT on their way to their place of banishment. On Christmas Day Arabi, Toulba, Abdelal, Mahmoud Sami, Ali Fehmi, Yacoub Sami, and Mahmoud Fehmi were taken to the Kasr-el Nil Barracks, where the Khedivial decree degrading them from their rank was read in the presence of a couple of battalions of the new Egyptian army and of a detachment of the 42nd. Very few outside spectators, either native

or European, were present, as the ceremony had not been publicly announced. The British soldiers are said to have raised a cheer; while the small native crowd, as is the wont of the Orientals, loaded their fallen idol with abusive epithets. Indeed, it is generally felt that Arabi's lot has fallen in pleasant places after all, and that he is going into comfortable exile, while so many of his comrades are utterly ruined, and are suffering far severer punishment. On Tuesday evening they were taken by train to Suez, where the steamer was in waiting to take them to Ceylon. As for the less prominent prisoners, they are being directly sentenced by decree, with the exception of ten, who are to be tried by court-martial at Alexandria. Eighty-one have thus been dealt with. Thirty-four being exiled for various terms outside Egyptian territory, four to Massowah, Souakim, and Cosseir, twelve to their own properties under bail penalties of sums varying from 1,000l. to 5,000l., the remainder being permitted to reside on their own estates under simple surveillance.

The great problem of what should be done with the rebel leaders being thus solved, both Ministers and the British authorities are working hard to complete the interior organisation of the country. The condition of the finances appears to be better than had been expected. Sufficient funds, *The Times* correspondent tells us, are forthcoming to pay the coupons, while, even after providing for the half per cent. sinking fund, a surplus of over 200,000l. is shown from the revenues assigned for the interest on the Public Debt. This surplus will probably go towards the expense of the army of occupation. As regards the new army and police, the cost of those forces will not exceed the War Budget fixed in concert with the Commission of Liquidation. No plan has yet been announced for the payment of indemnities to the sufferers by the war, and the distress in Alexandria amongst a large proportion of the foreign community is very great. Turning to the *haute politique*, Christmas has somewhat interfered with the negotiations with France, which, so far as the public knows, are just where they were three months ago. A rumour has been revived that England intends to issue a note to the Powers announcing what she definitely intends to do. Then France will have to make up her mind either to accept or to reject England's proposals, and in the event of the latter have to give her reasons, and herself suggest a counter scheme, a course which, despite all the blandishments of Lord Granville and his able representative at Paris, the French Cabinet at present persistently declines to adopt.

The Christmas holidays have not brought peace and goodwill to political circles in France. The journals still continue to growl surlily at England and her policy with regard to Egypt, while with respect to home politics the financial condition of the country has given rise to a heated controversy both in and out of Parliament. M. Tirard proposes not to ask for any fresh credit to cover his deficit of eight millions sterling, but to appropriate certain unexpended credits, originally intended for Public Works, and to throw the balance upon next year's revenue. On Wednesday there was an almost equally heated debate about the vote of 1,240,000l. for the army of occupation in Tunis. The vote, however, was finally passed by 424 votes to 52. Another heated political topic has been the Tonquin Expedition, which now, thanks to the withdrawal of the Chinese troops from the field of action, has been reduced to the despatch of a mere reinforcement of 750 Marines under the command of a naval officer—a step which will not compel the Government to ask for a fresh credit, and thus bring about a debate on the whole subject.

The trial of the twenty-three Montceau-les-Mines rioters at Riom has resulted in the condemnation of nine ring-leaders to various terms of imprisonment ranging from one to five years, and to the acquittal of the others, amongst whom was Bonnot, who was credited with having organised the whole rising. The Government is manifestly determined to put down the Socialistic movement, and has now arrested Prince Krapotkin. He is to be tried with a batch of some forty-five Socialists, and the trial is looked forward to with intense interest, as important revelations are expected to be made. Indeed it is said that Prince Krapotkin's papers implicate personages in very high quarters, and show ramifications of an international iconoclastic conspiracy hitherto unsuspected.

IN PARIS all is preparation for the festivities of the Jour de l'An, and the boulevards, despite the bad weather, have been thronged with holiday folk making their purchases at the little *baraquas* which line those thoroughfares at this season. M. Gambetta is better, and it is hoped will leave his bed in a few days, and there is really very little other social news of interest, except the trial of M. de Massas, the editor of the *Combat*, who a few months since killed a brother Bonapartist editor, M. Dichard, of the *Petit Caporal*, in a duel. The verdict was essentially Gallic, the prisoner being acquitted on the ground that M. Dichard had been too impetuous, and that the duel had been fairly conducted. There have been a couple of dramatic novelties, *Le Réveil de Venus*, a three-act comédie-bouffe by MM. Paul Burani, Maurice Ordonneau, and Cermeize at the Athénée-Comique; and a one-act comedy at the Odéon, *Le Mariage de Racine*, by MM. Guillaume Livet and Gustave Vautre.

The war scare in GERMANY and AUSTRIA, which created so much excitement last week, has died out as rapidly as it arose; the chief aims of its promoters having now been probably attained—namely, to put the Teutonic races on their guard against the real or fancied designs of the Slavs. In the language of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "the recent agitation is calculated to cure Russia and to caution Austria." The *North German Gazette* now declares that Prussia was the first to begin frontier fortifications, and consequently that Russia was compelled to follow suit. As for the report that Germany intended to manifest any distrust of Austria, this is officially declared to be wholly untrue. In Vienna the alarmist feeling has equally subsided; but in Russia a somewhat sore feeling exists, as the scare is considered to have been a political or financial manoeuvre directed against Russia and the Russians. The Czar is stated to be especially annoyed, as he had hoped that the circular tour of M. de Giers would have had a directly pacific effect, instead, as it appears, that of raising a storm of angry protestations against the machinations of his Government. Meanwhile Austria has been celebrating with great festivities the six hundredth anniversary of her political connection with the House of Hapsburg.

The late scare has certainly not enhanced Teutonic popularity in ITALY, where the close relationship between her old enemy Austria and Germany is considered to augur ill for the future of *Italia Irredenta*. Besides much smothered discontent in the Press, open demonstrations have been made against Austria, alike in Rome, Milan, and Turin, respecting the execution of Oberdan, who was convicted of attempting to assassinate the Emperor, and taking part in the bomb-throwing at Trieste last September. Thus when the Radical petition to the Italian Chamber to remonstrate was disregarded, the students organised a riot in front of the Austrian Embassy at Rome, and an indignation meeting subsequently took place in the Piazza Colonna. Public feeling still runs high, and the journals teem with unflattering remarks against Austria.

The Land question is now absorbing public interest in INDIA, where the native mind is considerably agitated by the Bengal Rent Bill, while European circles have been surprised and irritated by the intemperate attack made by a Government official in a private minute on the Chief Justice of Bengal for his share in the recent controversy. This attack is regarded, to say the least, as evincing exceedingly bad taste, as it is directed against one of the hardest-working Indian judges, who, at the request of the Government, devoted part of his leave to the Rent question. Further, such violent criticism of one Government official by another is deemed

highly unsuitable, and has thus aroused a storm of indignation. Meanwhile the natives themselves consider that their territorial rights will be seriously injured if the Bill becomes law, and that such a measure directly violates the pledges given by the Government in the Permanent Settlement. Turning to a more pleasing topic, the great Attock Bridge is now nearly finished, and will, it is hoped, be available for traffic by May 1st. Then an unbroken line of railway will run from Calcutta to Peshawar—some 1,600 miles. Calcutta holds an International Exhibition next year.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS items the chief murderers of Professor Palmer and his companions have been caught in the desert, and the friendly tribe to whom the capture is due, hope shortly to secure the remaining criminals. Captain Warren has gone to Nakhl to examine the captives. The great Peltzer trial in BELGIUM has resulted in a verdict of guilty against both the brothers, who accordingly were sentenced to death. As, however, capital punishment is rarely inflicted in Belgium, the sentence will probably be commuted to penal servitude for life. A strong feeling was manifested against the prisoners, who were loudly hooted, particularly Armand, when he invoked the curse of his little daughter upon the jury.—SWITZERLAND is suffering grievously from the effects of the wet year. Fresh landslips are reported on all sides, and one valuable vineyard at Espesses is fast slipping into Lake Lemman. Round Geneva there have been only fifty sunny days during the whole of 1882, and no fewer than 200 on which rain fell.—RUSSIA has succeeded in concluding a Convention with the Vatican. The Polish bishops will be allowed to return, but will not be reinstated.—In TURKEY the chief topic has been the great success of the experiments on the Bosphorus of the Lay torpedo. General Berdan's torpedo, which is shortly to be tried, is expected to achieve still greater things. In SOUTH AFRICA Cetewayo is preparing to resume possession of his kingdom, and part of his military escort has already gone to Zululand to smooth the way. The King will land at Port Durnford about the 10th prox., and the Zulus are all anxiety respecting the plans of the Government. So far it appears that the country south of the Umvolosi will be placed under a Resident Commissioner as reserved territory, and that Dunn and the other chiefs will simply receive locations. There is little change in the situation in Basutoland, where Jonathan Molapo remains at Leribe with 1,500 men, while in the Transvaal the alterations in the British Cabinet are regarded with much interest, as it is hoped that Lord Derby will follow his father's conciliatory policy towards the Dutch.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice were joined at Osborne for Christmas by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their children. On Saturday Her Majesty with the Duke and Duchess and Princess Beatrice visited the naval invalids from Egypt at Haslar Hospital, the Royal visit having been delayed in consequence of a slight outbreak of scarlatina in the building. Received by the Portsmouth and hospital officials, and a guard of honour from the Marines, the Royal party passed through three wards, where Her Majesty decorated each patient with the Egyptian medal. On the return to Osborne the Queen in the afternoon gave a Christmas tree, and distributed the usual Christmas gifts to the children of the Royal tenants and servants living on the estate. The distribution took place in the Servants' Hall, where Her Majesty was assisted by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice, Canon, Mrs., and Miss Prothero being also invited. Divine Service was performed on Sunday at Osborne before the Queen and Royal Family, Canon Prothero officiating, while in the evening the Canon joined the Royal party at dinner. On Christmas morning Her Majesty, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their two eldest children, and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church, and at dinner time the usual Christmas dainties of the boar's head, the huge baron of beef, &c., adorned the Queen's sideboard.—The Queen's New Year's Gifts to the Windsor poor will be distributed next Monday, while Her Majesty's "Gate alms" to the London poor have already been given away, 1,200 aged persons receiving sums varying from 5s. to 13s.—The Queen has stood sponsor to the infant daughter of the late Commander Rawson, R.N., who died from wounds received at Tel-el-Kebir, and who was Lieutenant on board the Royal yacht. At Her Majesty's request the child was named Victoria Alexandra Wyat, and the Queen presented her godchild with a loving cup.

The Prince and Princess of Wales spent Christmas with their family at Sandringham, where they arrived at the end of last week. On Saturday they presided at the annual distribution of beef to the cottagers on the estate, while both on Sunday and Christmas Day the Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, the church on Christmas morning being decorated with flowers from the Royal gardens. The Prince and Princess remain at Sandringham until the week after next.—The Prince will be invited by the Bridgewater Town Council to attend the exhibition of the Bath, West of England, and Southern Counties' Agricultural Association, to be held in that town in May.—Prince Albert Victor of Wales will probably go to Oxford next term, and will matriculate at Christ Church. He will occupy a house in the Bradnire Road, close by where his uncle, the Duke of Albany, stayed when in residence at Oxford.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught remained at Windsor Castle for Christmas, and on Christmas Eve attended the evening service at St. George's Chapel, where the first part of the *Messiah* was performed.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne spent Christmas at Santa Barbara, California, and when the Marquis leaves on his return to Canada the Princess will go to Richmond to embark on board a British man-of-war for Bermuda.—As Colonel-in-Chief of the Marine Forces the Duke of Edinburgh will be entertained by the Marines at a banquet in St. James's Hall soon after Easter.



DR. BENSON has notified his acceptance of the Primacy.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER has written to Sir T. P. Heywood to say that he cannot institute his nominee, the Rev. Harry Cowgill, to the living of St. John, Miles Platting; (1) because Mr. Cowgill, while officiating as assistant curate of St. John, repeatedly and persistently violated the law of the Church of England as declared by the supreme ecclesiastical tribunal of the realm; (2) because he is not satisfied with the letters of testimonial produced from three beneficed clergymen; and (3) because the oath of canonical obedience as understood and taken by Mr. Cowgill is no security against the repetition of such illegal acts; and because the Bishop has every reason to believe that Mr. Cowgill will continue and repeat such illegal acts if he should be instituted as Rector of the parish. At a

meeting of the congregation held last week it was resolved to support Sir Thomas Heywood in any steps he may take to bring about the institution of Mr. Cowgill. Sir Thomas has since sent the Bishop a reply, reminding him that for twenty months Mr. Cowgill has observed the ritual thus condemned without remonstrance on the Bishop's part, and declaring that the Bishop, if he refuses to institute, will compel him to one of two alternatives—either to defend his right in a Court of Law, or to ask Mr. Green to take back the resignation which he had placed in the patron's (not the Bishop's) hands, and return to his old place as Rector.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER has declined to accede to the request of the churchwardens of Holy Trinity, Bordesley (vacated by the deprivation of Mr. Enraght), that he would intercede with the patrons not to make any appointment, and would take no steps towards the admission of another clergyman until the legal questions had been settled. The Bishop holds that he must abide by the Public Worship Act so long as it remains law.

AT A PRELIMINARY MEETING in the Jerusalem Chamber on Friday last, under the presidency of the Dean of Westminster, to consider the best steps to be taken for instituting a memorial to the late Archbishop, it was resolved that a recumbent figure of the Primate should be placed in Canterbury Cathedral, and that it was also desirable to establish as a memorial "some institution of permanent Christian usefulness designed especially to carry out his last exhortation to united action in the struggle against sin and unbelief." A more public meeting will be held towards the end of January. Meanwhile an Executive Committee has been nominated, of which the Prince of Wales has been invited to become chairman, and the Duke of Albany vice-chairman.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL which Sir Tatton Sykes hopes to present to the Roman Catholic See of Westminster will be modelled on the votive Church of St. Saviour's at Vienna, erected recently to commemorate the preservation of the Austrian Emperor from an assassin.

THE VENERABLE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF was interred on Thursday in the beautiful churchyard adjoining the Cathedral, and in the grave in which his eldest son was buried only six years ago. There was a numerous attendance of clergy and laity, and many Nonconformist ministers also came from the neighbouring town of Cardiff. On Saturday Dean Close was buried at Carlisle, whither his remains had been transported from Penzance. The Mayor and Corporation, the two Members for the City, and very many of the principal inhabitants were present on the occasion, and the Bishop of Carlisle read the grave-side portion of the Burial Service.

FIERCE ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN THE SALVATION AND THE SKELETON ARMIES have taken place at Maidstone and at Honiton, the rioting in the latter town being at one time really formidable. The magistrates, in reply to Mr. Booth's appeals, promise to do all in their power to protect the Salvationists, but decline to prevent the rival army from assembling.



POPULAR CONCERTS.—The most recent concerts, in regard to programmes, have been of much the same character as is generally the case when Herr Joseph Joachim is the presiding genius. The music has been unexceptionally good—of the most sterling classical kind, in short. To hear Joachim, for example, in such a quartet as the "No. 11" of Beethoven (F minor), associated with such players as MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, is something worth remembering; and never perhaps has this wonderful work been more wonderfully interpreted. On Saturday afternoon, the 20th, and last concert of the season before Christmas, an admirable performance of the same great master's famous Septet, for stringed and wind instruments, in which the Hungarian violinist enjoyed the co-operation of eminent performers like M. Höllander, Lazarus, Wendtland, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti, was a conspicuous feature; and though given for the 36th time at the Popular Concerts, created as much enthusiasm as ever. Some specimens of the "Hungarian Dances," as set forth by Johannes Brahms and Joachim, in which the clever Madame Haas was the pianist, formed a climax, in all respects effective. Mr. Chappell has now added to his list of pianists, by the way, Herr Pachmann, who as a fervent worshipper and genial interpreter of the music of Chopin is probably just now without a rival. At the last "Monday" Concert this gentleman played six of Chopin's "Studies" (three from Op. 10, and three from Op. 25), in a style quite masterly, delighting all hearers. That Herr Pachmann will be a future attraction at the Popular Concerts (and in other music as well as that of Chopin) may be taken for granted. With his pure expression and finished execution he can never be otherwise than welcome at entertainments frequented by so many amateurs, if for no other purpose than that which may reasonably be termed "taking a pianoforte lesson." Miss Santley and Miss Carlotta Elliot have recently been the singers—both, as usual, welcome, the former winning special distinction in songs by Gounod and Miss Maude White, the latter in songs by Handel, Rubinstein, and the first-named composer. That more research might be exhibited in this department, where there is such a treasure of music to be unearthed, has often been a theme for remark by habitual patrons of the Popular Concerts.

SIR HENRY BISHOP.—A correspondent desires to be informed whether Henry Bishop did not compose some examples of what is conventionally styled "grand opera," before Edward Loder produced his *Nourjahad*, John Barnett his *Mountain Sylph*, Macfarren his *Devil's Opera*, Balfe his *Siege of Rochelle*, or Vincent Wallace his *Martina*, &c., &c. The answer can only be in the affirmative. When Weber's *Oberon* was produced at Covent Garden, Bishop's *Aladdin* (another fairy opera), was brought out at Drury Lane as a counter-attraction; and a fine work it was. Weber's *Oberon* (fortunately) is still remembered; while Bishop's *Aladdin* (unfortunately) is forgotten. The one was a German, the other an Englishman.

WAIFS.—Correspondence from Aix la Chapelle informs us of the flattering reception awarded to our young countryman, Mr. F. H. Cowen, and his "Scandinavian Symphony," which was made a special feature at the last grand classical concert. The performance was directed by Mr. Cowen himself.—From San Francisco we hear that Madame Christine Nilsson's first concert brought the largest audience ever remembered in a music hall in that city. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, we are further told, were present, and invited the Swedish songstress to dine with them on the day following.—The Municipal Council at St. Raphael have, in the Parisian fashion, named a street, "La Rue Charles Gounod." Here the composer of *Faust* and *The Redemption* wrote out the full score of his *Roméo et Juliette*, and the pianoforte which aided him in his task is to be preserved as a relic and memento of the event.—Herr August Wilhelmj, the distinguished violinist, after six years' absence, has once more appeared at Wiesbaden on the Rhine, of which town he and his family have, for a lengthened period, been residents. At a concert held in the Kurhaus he was welcomed with unanimous cordiality, the audience rising from their places to greet him, the orchestra adding the customary German "flourish" on his appearance (on the platform). Herr Wilhelmj played the G minor Concerto of Max Bruch and a brilliant *Polonaise* by Laub. For the first time here the concert-room was lighted by electricity.—Felix

Godfreid, well remembered in this country as an admirable musician, and next to our own countryman, Parish Alvars, the finest then existing performer on the harp, has just completed an opera, entitled *La Fille de Saül*, which very few amateurs would object to hear.—Two Belgian composers have been commissioned by the authorities at Venezuela, each to compose a "Triumphal March" and a "Patriotic Chorus" for the National Festival to be held next summer. Their names are Arthur d'Ilansens and Alfred Tilmann.—Madame Pauline Lucca terminated her engagement at the Berlin Royal Opera as the heroine of George Bizet's universal *Carmen*. Madame Lucca has had most tempting offers to return to America, where she was, at one time, so great a favourite; but it is doubtful, considering the present vogue she now enjoys in Austria and all over Germany, whether she will be induced to accept them. That Madame Lucca will form one, during a certain period, of Mr. Gye's almost unexampled company at the Royal Italian Opera next season is, we have reason to believe, more than probable.—The reports with regard to the health of the famous pianist Dr. Hans von Bülow vary. If we may credit the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, it has been deemed necessary, in consequence of "passing aberration of reason," to place him under restraint. That this may be an exaggerated account of Dr. von Bülow's actual condition will be the general hope, although his nervous and excitable temperament renders it by no means absolutely improbable. At any rate, it may be concluded that his expected artistic visit to London next season must be at least deferred.—The management of the New Theatre des Arts at Rouen is about to produce *François de Rimini*, the last Parisian opera of Ambroise Thomas.



WHETHER there be any truth or not in the rumour that Covent Garden has ceased this year to be a pantomime house, under a truce whereof an essential condition is that Mr. Augustus Harris should refrain in the summer from letting Drury Lane for Italian Opera, it is at least certain that DRURY LANE remains this year practically in undisturbed possession of the best portion of the pantomime business of the season. At the AVENUE Theatre, at Charing Cross, there is, indeed, a charming pantomime, enacted by a marvellously clever troupe of some eighty children, of whose efforts we shall have to speak further. The late Connaught Theatre in Holborn—now in its reconstructed state to be known as the ALCAZAR—has also reopened with a very spirited pantomime of the most orthodox sort—elaborate in its introduction and boisterously gay in its harlequinade. Further, the IMPERIAL Theatre, at Westminster, produces a really gorgeous piece of the kind: not to speak of HER MAJESTY'S, which is to open this evening, under the management of Mr. Alfred Thompson, with "a grand pantomimic spectacular" fairy piece, which has been for some months in preparation, on a scale, if rumour may be trusted, of extraordinary magnificence. Besides these there are the CRYSTAL PALACE Theatre and the vast theatres of the suburbs, at each and all of which pantomime flourishes in unabated vigour. Yet still DRURY LANE and Mr. E. L. Blanchard's pantomime of *Sindbad the Sailor* stand in a certain sense alone; for, as is well known, the eyes of the well-to-do section of the community who turn their thoughts at holiday time to the theatre programmes on behalf of the young folk of the household, are directed in the first place to that central point in the realm of theatrical speculation that lies around the eastern side of Covent Garden. This being the case the alleged compact between the old rival patent houses might perhaps come under suspicion, as one of those arrangements which being in "restraint of trade," as the lawyers say, and as such contrary to public policy, are not regarded with favour by our Courts of Law. On the other hand Mr. Harris makes some reparation by having opened his doors both morning and evening every day since his pantomime was produced, with the single exception of Friday. That the multitude of performers, supernumeraries, and assistants, who co-operate in the production of these gigantic entertainments should be called upon twice a day to go through all their arduous duties may seem a little hard; but after all some must work that others may take holiday, and Christmas comes but once a year. It has been the ambition of the management on this occasion to out-do themselves in the matter of picturesque and glittering spectacle; and, somewhat after the fashion in which the Christmas pudding is compounded, to go on enriching the preparation with toothsome ingredients until it almost threatens to die of a plethora. The question, "Where is Sindbad?" might be heard from more than one pretty pair of lips on Tuesday night, while a procession of the Kings and Queens who have ruled over this realm from the Norman Conqueror to Her present Majesty were moving across the stage; or while the bombardment of Alexandria under Sir Beauchamp Seymour was in progress before their eyes. All this is supposed to form part of a vision conjured up by the legendary Mariner's friend, "The Diamond Prince," by whom he is being taken on a tip in a balloon after his celebrated flight, upheld by the gigantic bird—the ultimate object of all this brilliant pageantry being that of impressing the mind of the young Khédive with the might and majesty and historic dignity of Great Britain. The mask portraits of the kings and queens, modelled by Mr. Labhart, albeit travestied and exaggerated, were readily recognised, particularly by young spectators, whose memories were presumptively charged with the illustrations of historical school text books. The whole scene was indeed very interesting and effective; not to speak of the historical episodes represented—such as the signing of Magna Charta by King John, who, by the way, did not sign, though his seal was affixed to that momentous document. After that Mr. Harry Jackson, attired in the well-known uniform, presented himself in that marvellous make-up after the portrait of Napoleon the First, which has long been one of the most successful achievements of this popular actor. But all this, and the review of our troops in Egypt, is more effective than relevant to the story or the title of Mr. Blanchard's book. Glimpses of Miss Nellie Power, the handsome representative of Sindbad, are afforded with sufficient frequency to keep up a sort of dim remembrance of the "Arabian Nights;" while Miss Constance Loseby, released from her engagement at the Alhambra by the calamity which befell that temple of glittering spectacle on the very threshold of the holiday season, warbles melodiously and conducts herself picturesquely in the interpolated character of the faithful Fatima, as the predestined bride of Sindbad. The practice of introducing into these highly-wrought spectacular introductions a group of low comedians whose method is strongly suggestive of the music halls, is, we fear, too well established in these days to be affected by any protest that the critic may venture upon; but a pang of regret may yet be permitted to any playgoer whose memory of the stage may happen to extend back to the days when the art and fancy and elegant versification of the late Mr. Planché were all-sufficient for satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Fawn, Mr. Harry Nicholls, and Mr. Arthur Roberts, are, it is true, actors with considerable sense of humour; but the extravagances to which they give themselves up in a Drury Lane pantomime are, to put the case mildly, rather wanting in refinement. It there were, however, any present among the vast audience on Monday night who were

offended, their presence was certainly not manifested. Mr. Roberts's song, "The Winkle and the Whale," was the cause of much merriment. Mr. Fawn's poodle, who confounds the limits of the real and ideal world before and behind the footlights by walking round the line of the dress circle, was after all perhaps the most popular of all the performers engaged, while the pretty nursery dance of Madame Lanner's troupe of children, each carrying a big doll, were assuredly not less successful than any of the full-grown personages in delighting the spectators. With all these attractions, not to reckon the ballet of the Wedding of Roses and Diamonds, and other dance entertainments, in which Mdlles. Luna, Zaarfretta, and Stella, and Messrs. D'Auban and Storey, take part, or the numerous clever mechanical contrivances, or the grand transformation scene with its electric light effects, or the brisk harlequinade with Mr. Harry Payne as clown, the Drury Lane pantomime justifies the reputation of this house, and is likely to enjoy even a greater popularity than any of its predecessors.

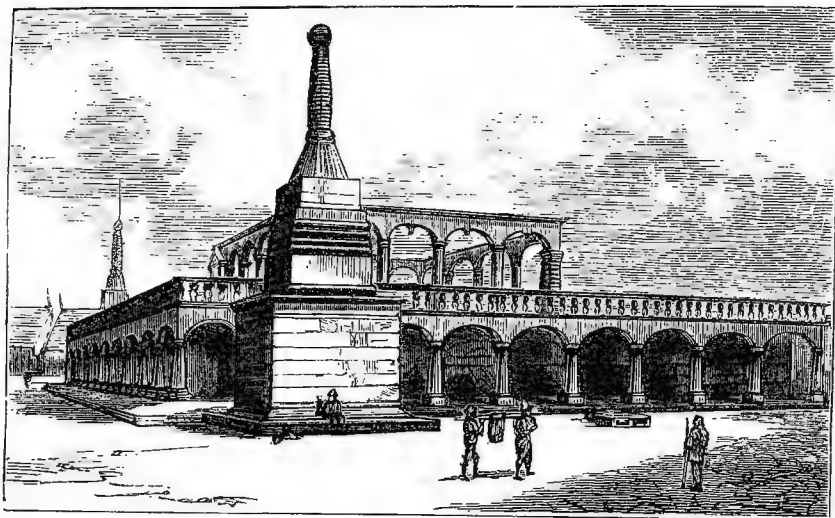
Mr. W. G. Wills has written for Mrs. Bernard-Beere a new dramatic version of *Jane Eyre*, in which—probably from the adaptor's desire to avoid giving a melodramatic air to Miss Brontë's psychological autobiography—the story is brought down to its barest and most simple form. That the dramatist has not condescended to vulgarise his original in the interest of playgoers of the class who crave for mere excitement is a merit which entitles him to the gratitude of playgoers of refined tastes. On the other hand, he has unfortunately not succeeded in constructing a play presenting the ingenuity of construction and the variety of situations which are necessary in these days for achieving a lasting success upon the stage. Here we have simply a persecuted governess who receives an offer of marriage from an eccentric employer, and discovers, after accepting him, that he has a maniac wife living. So much, indeed, and no more, do Mr. Wills's first three acts unfold. What is reserved for the fourth and concluding act is simply the final meeting and reconciliation of Jane and Mr. Rochester, now blind and disabled through the incident of the fire at Thornfield Hall, which is supposed to have taken place since the last fall of the curtain. It will be seen from this that the dramatic *Jane Eyre* is destitute of incident. Neither does it make much of Mr. Rochester's great mystery, though the sudden apparition of the maniac and her attack upon Jane Eyre cause a certain thrill of excitement. Nevertheless, the audience on Saturday night took not unkindly to the heroine, who is played with much tenderness, simplicity, and force by Mrs. Bernard-Beere; and, though they were apparently a little shocked, were not indisposed to condone the abruptness, not to say brutality, of the eccentric Rochester—a part played by Mr. Charles Kelly with all his excellent self-possession and neat finish. Some comedy scenes between Jane and her persecutors amuse, aided as they are by the acting of Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Lady Ingram, Miss Kate Bishop as Blanche Ingram, Miss Maggie Hunt as May Ingram, and Mr. Denison as Lord Desmond. Especial praise must be awarded to Miss Clemence Colle, a very juvenile performer, who plays the part of the little French girl, Mr. Rochester's protégée, with admirable vivacity and child-like simplicity. With these merits, and with the further advantage of being put upon the stage very carefully, the play, with all its faults, unquestionably pleased the audience, and was very favourably received. We must not forget to mention that Mr. Wills imports into the play an element of picturesqueness by assuming its action to take place early in the present century, and accordingly clothing both his male and female folk in the quaint, pretty attire of our grandsires' days, which Mr. Caldecott has taught us to admire.

Mr. Reece's new "burlesque drama" at the GAIETY Theatre cannot be said to present a story with that consecutiveness and good faith which Mr. Hollingshead claims to be the distinguishing characteristic of this class of entertainment as cultivated at that immensely popular house. The legend of *Valentine and Orson* is the theme selected for the occasion; but beyond the fact that there is a Valentine in glittering armour, and a burlesque Orson who flourishes a club, and goes about with his foster mother the bear until he discovers in Valentine his long-lost brother, there is not much, it must be confessed, in the way of coherent story. But there is reason to suspect that the thirst of Gaiety audiences for coherence, combined with respectful treatment of old legends, has, after all, never been so strong as their delight in certain other attractions which are furnished on this occasion in unstinted measure. Brilliant scenery, and still more brilliant and varied costumes, together with full prominence given to the comic force, the graceful presence, and the immitable power of emphasising a comic song which are united in the person of Miss E. Farren, have ere long gone far in themselves towards securing success on the Gaiety stage. When with these things are associated the elegance and sense of the poetry of motion displayed by Miss Kate Vaughan, and the rich cockney humour of Mr. Edward Terry, the word "failure," even if it is to be found in the Gaiety vocabulary, need not be looked for. All the strength of a company unrivalled in the art of giving effect to pieces of this kind are brought into play; while Mr. Lutz and the orchestra also contribute effective service.

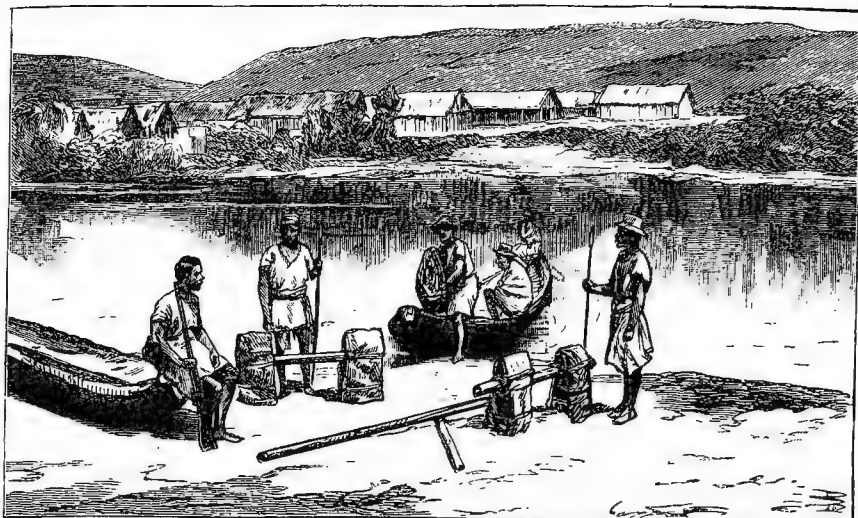
At the OLYMPIC Miss De Grey has exchanged the part of Adrienne Lecouvreur for that of Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*. The change was well advised, for while the part of Adrienne was obviously beyond Miss De Grey's powers, that of Pauline is nearly within them. That her impersonation of the beauty of Lyons will bear comparison with those of other actresses dear to the public recollection cannot for a moment be pretended; but the performance has many merits. The climax at the end of the fourth act was impressive and moving; and here, as all through the play, Miss De Grey had able support in the person of Mr. F. H. Macklin, who, as Claude Melnotte, played with care and ability, rousing the audience now and then to outbursts of genuine enthusiasm. Mr. E. F. Edgar was becomingly villainous as Beauseant, and Mr. F. Charles was a somewhat unpolished Glavis. Mr. A. T. Hilton succeeded in scoring the customary points as the bluff Colonel Damas, and Miss Elinor Aickin was a good Madame Deschappelles. The evening closed with some scenes from Sheridan Knowles' *Hunchback*, vivaciously played by Miss De Grey and Mr. Macklin. If a judgment may be formed from so slight an opportunity as those scenes afford, it would appear that Miss De Grey's gifts fit her better to play refined comedy than romantic drama.

The "children's pantomime" at the ROYAL AVENUE Theatre is one of the prettiest pieces of its class that have been produced since the fashion of pantomimes performed entirely by children was revived at the Adelphi Theatre six or seven years ago. The subject selected by Mr. A. Henry is the old civic legend of *Dick Whittington and His Cat*, which is presented in a series of picturesque scenes representing old London streets, the interior of Fitzwarren's mansion, the famous halting place on Highgate Hill, where Dick heard the prophetic chimes, the Court of the outlandish potentate where the "cat" (a prominent figure in the performance) rendered such useful service, and so forth. Bright dialogue, merry incidents, lively songs, nimble dances, and numerous incidental displays of talent are among the features which make up the interest of this piece. The little performers are marvellously clever—Miss Addie Blanche as Dick, Master Cooper as the cat, Master H. Gratton as the black king, Master Godfrey as his Chamberlain and Adviser, and Miss Blanche Arnold as Alice, especially distinguishing themselves. The latter little lady, who can hardly be more than six years old, is a prodigy of talent. She plays throughout with an earnestness and a natural grace which are very droll yet very winning.

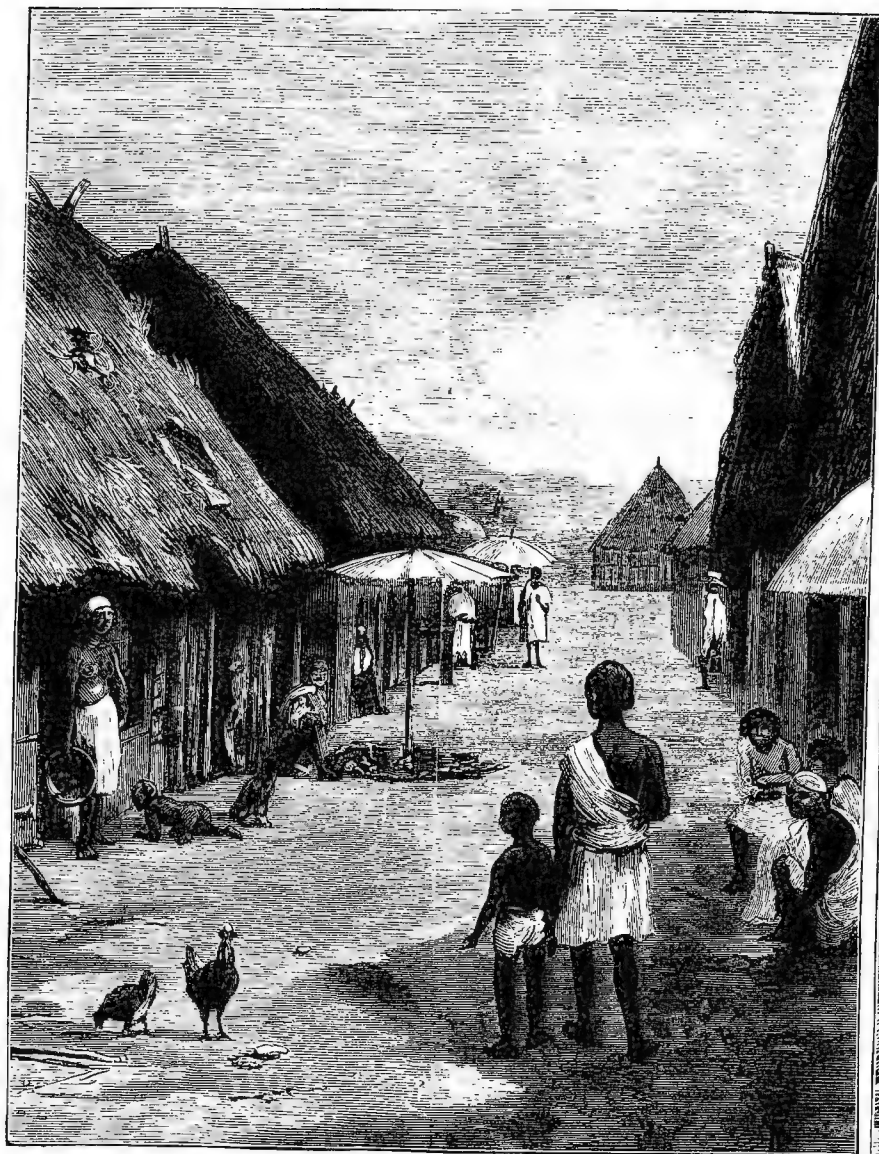
At the CRYSTAL PALACE the pantomime is the oft-told tale of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, in which the lucky woodcutter is



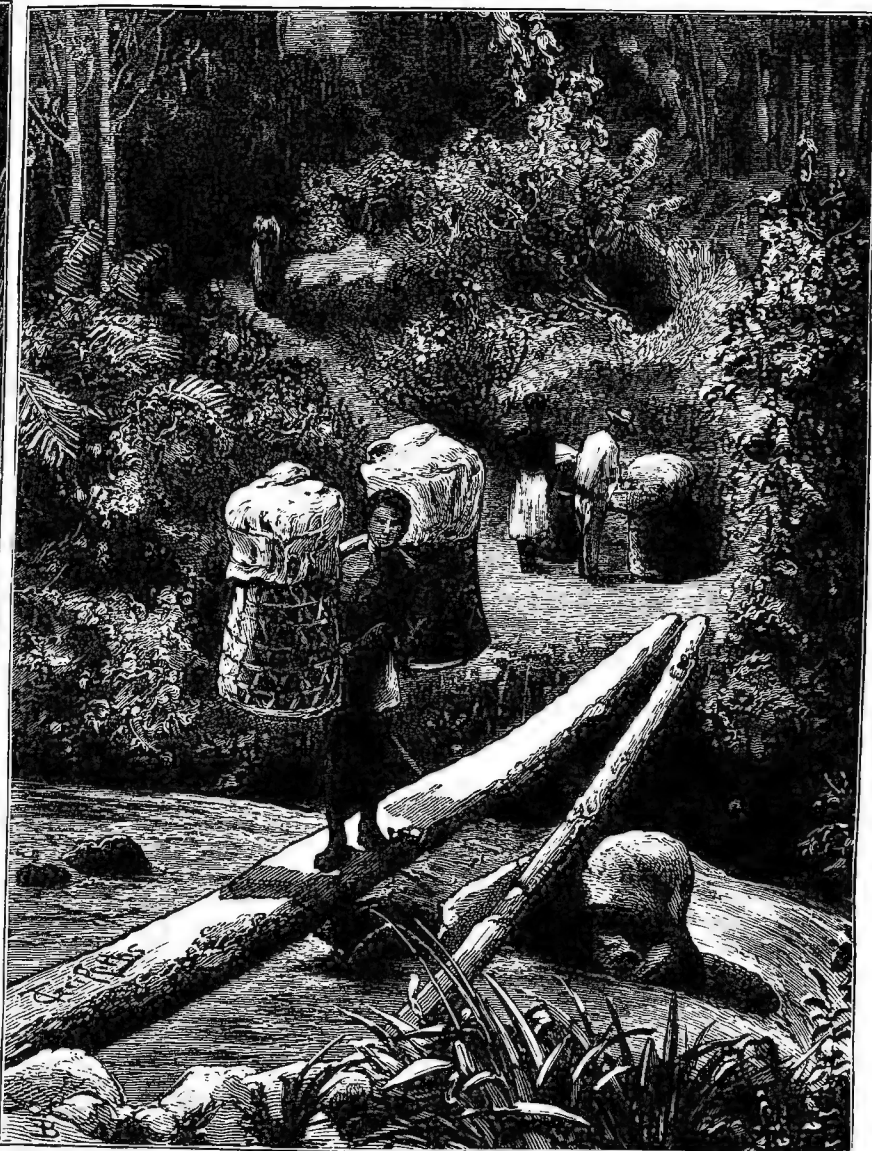
THE PRIME MINISTER'S TOMB



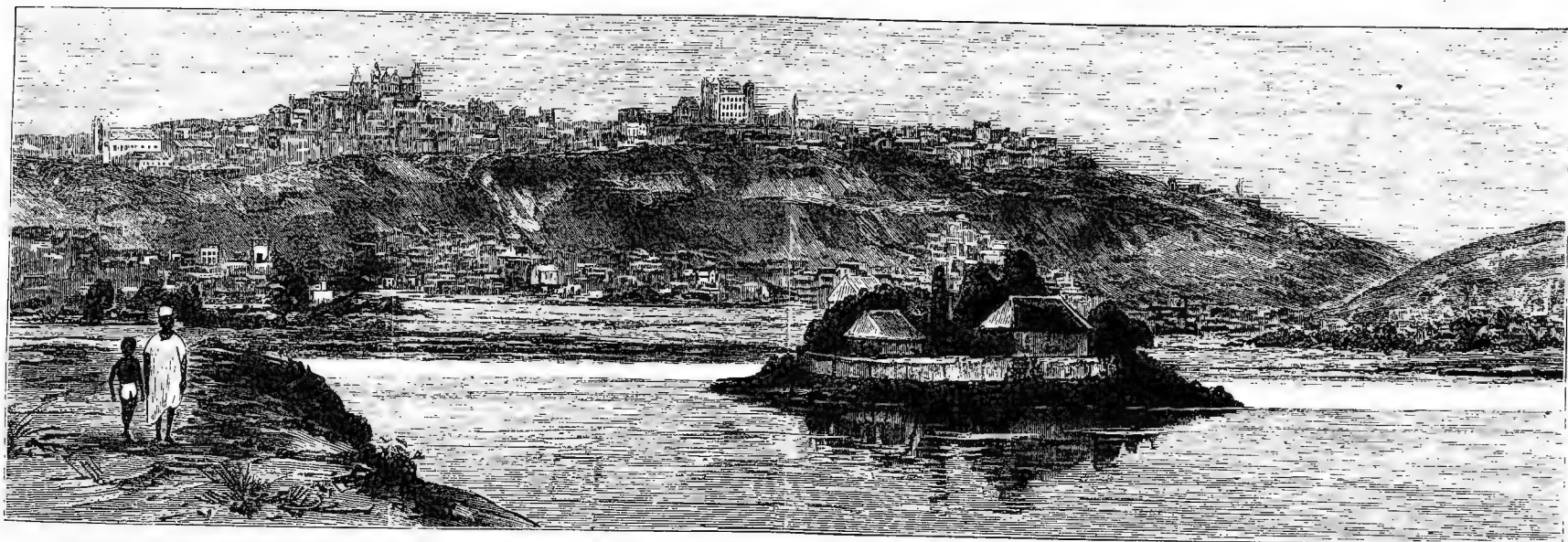
MARMEEDS CARRYING HIDES FROM THE CAPITAL TO THE SEA



A NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE WAY FROM TAMATAVE TO ANTANANARIVO



A NATIVE BRIDGE



ANTANANARIVO FROM THE QUEEN'S ISLAND, SHOWING THE QUEEN'S PALACE ON THE TOP OF THE HILL, AND HER SUMMER PALACE ON THE ISLAND IN THE LAKE

THE MADAGASCAR DIFFICULTY—VIEWS IN THE ISLAND, II.



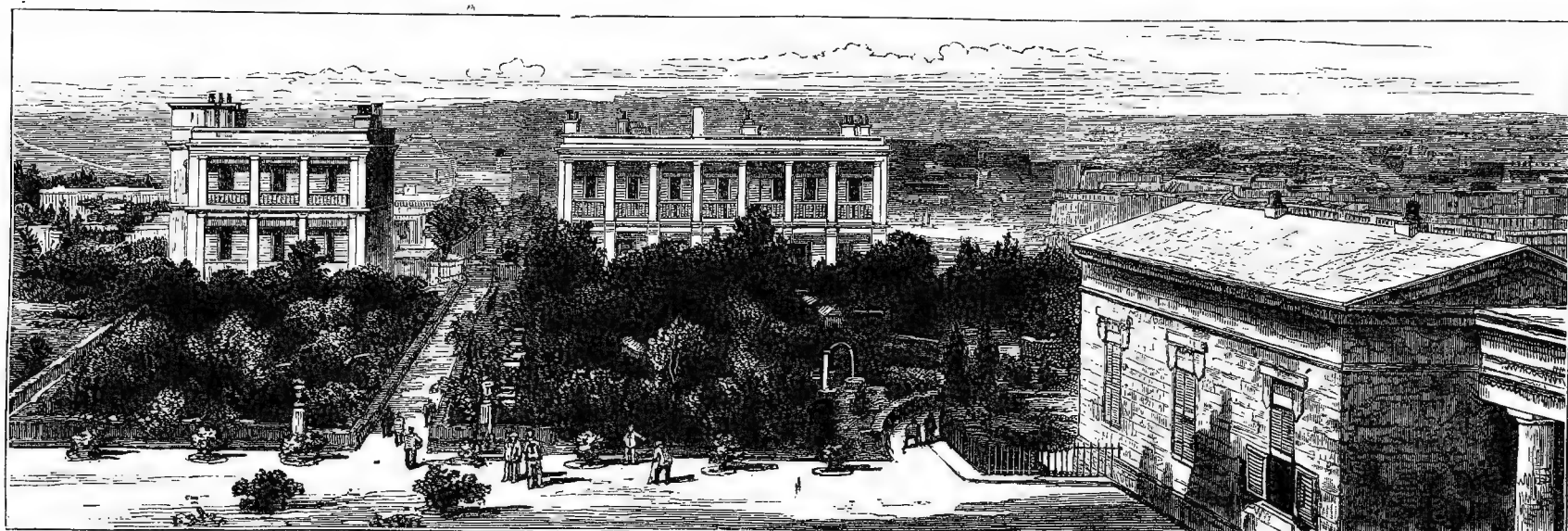
LIEUTENANT ALLAN PARK, THE BLACK WATCH
(ROYAL HIGHLANDERS)
Died at Ismailia from Wounds Received at Tel-el-Kebir,
September 16



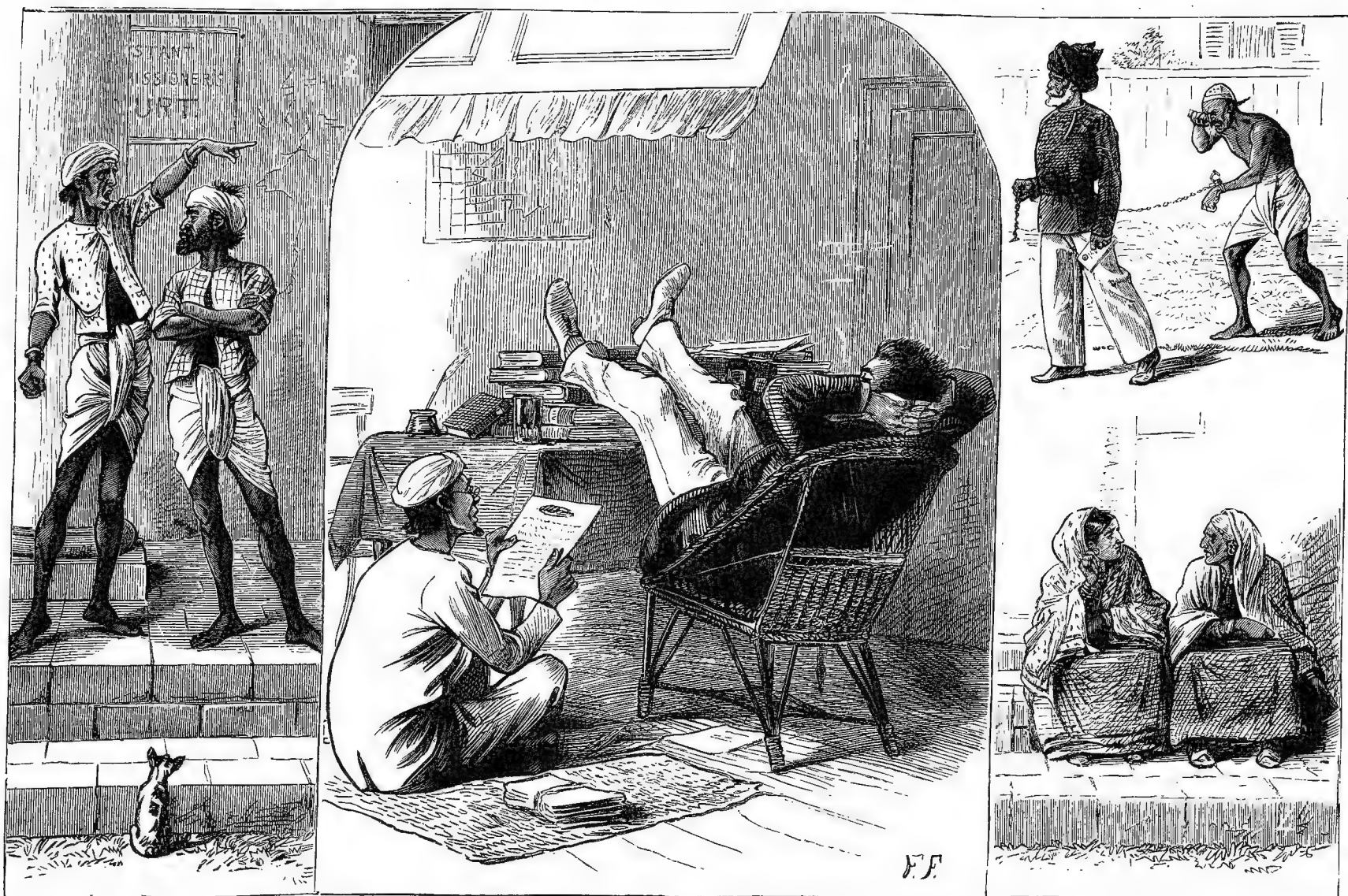
SIR THOMAS WATSON, M.D., F.R.S.
Died December 11, in his 91st Year



LIEUTENANT T. J. GRAHAM-STIRLING, THE BLACK WATCH
(ROYAL HIGHLANDERS)
Killed at Tel-el-Kebir, September 13



NAVAL HOSPITAL AT MALTA



1. How Work is Done.—2. Plaintiff and Defendant.—3. Convicted: Thirty Stripes.—4. Waiting for a Hearing
SKETCHES AT AN INDIAN KUCHERRY

most amusingly played by Mr. Arthur Lloyd; Ganem, his son, by Miss Kate Sullivan—a lady not unknown to fame at a now suspended entertainment in Leicester Square; the envious but wealthy brother Cassim by Mr. J. G. Wilton; and his inquisitive but ugly spouse, Zaide, by Mr. Victor Liston. The palm, as far as acting and humour goes, must be awarded to Miss M. A. Victor, as Cogia, Ali Baba's "cosy, comfortable consort;" and to Miss Katy King as the model waiting-maid, Morgiana. There is no need to tell the story, which is well worked out in the plot, but we must give a word to the dancing, which is excellent, especially that of the chief *dansuse* in the Ballet of the Peri. The scenery was in perfect good taste, particularly the "Illuminated Halls of the Zenana" of Ali's new home, after his despoiling the larcenous "Forty." The transformation scene is as elaborate as usual, but we must especially commend the harlequinade, which, with Mr. Paul Martinetti as clown, Mr. Alfred Martinetti as pantaloone, and Madame Martinetti as columbine, is the best we have seen for years. For some time past this original part of the pantomime has been neglected, but here we have quite a revival of old times. It is alone worth a visit to Sydenham to see the rollicking fun in the Market Place, and the humorous adventures of clown and pantaloone in their vegetarian steam launch. The screams of delight from the juvenile portion of the audience at this portion of the pantomime should teach a lesson to certain managers who are somewhat too apt to weary their infantile patrons by too many topic and patter songs of the music-hall type, and innumerable breakdowns of exactly the same pattern.

At SANGER'S NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE the pantomime of *Bluff King Hal*, written by Mr. H. Spry, although not so full of interest as those of former years, is well arranged, and the scenic effects are remarkably good. The plot represents the visit of Henry VIII. to Francis I. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where elephants, camels, dromedaries, and horses add to the grandeur of the spectacle. Mr. George Sennett makes an imposing King, while Mr. Wyke Moore impersonates Queen Catherine. Mr. Louis Leoni takes the part of Anne Boleyn, making it difficult to believe that that fair lady can indeed be a man. Other good characters are Mr. Alfred Loraine, the Court Fool, wonderfully agile on his hobby horse, Miss Julia Bullan as Francis I., Mr. Jolly Little George Lewis as Martin Longbow, and singer of a laughable topical song, and Mr. Bradfield as the Miller of the Dee. The transformation scene was particularly striking, the effect of the gigantic flamingoes in the Aviary of Sylphland being exceedingly picturesque. The scenes in the arena which preceded the pantomime were fairly good, especially Nubar Hassan, the Egyptian marvel, and Mr. Elwell and his canine troupe. We cannot, however, equally commend the harlequinade, which, for the greater amusement of the juveniles, might with advantage be extended at the expense of the preliminary extravaganza, which was somewhat too redolent of music-hall songs and slang allusions to be understood by the majority of the children spectators.

Of the numerous other Christmas performances we must take a future opportunity of speaking.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—This popular troupe, whose prolonged absence from London we notified last week, received quite an ovation (as it is ordinarily termed), when they reappeared at ST. JAMES'S HALL on Boxing-day. The large hall was crammed, and numbers were unable to enter for want of room. The first portion of the programme consisted of usual songs, with the usual comic interlude between the "man-in-the-middle" and the "end-men." A new singer, Mr. Western, was warmly applauded in his rendering of "Is My Darling True?" For some reason, "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," the once-renowned war-song, was substituted for a promised comic ditty by Mr. G. W. Moore, called "Little Louisa;" Mr. Walter Howard, however, made quite a hit in "The Very Peculiar Man." In the second part we may mention a skit, entitled "The Æsthetic Maidens," by this time rather a threadbare subject for satire; and an amusing farcical sketch, depicting the sorrows of a photographer who is worried by his creditors.

In the World's Fair at the AGRICULTURAL HALL there is certainly every style of amusement in a small space, from ghosts and authentic Zulus to a thrilling wild beast performance by Captain Cardona in Messrs. Bostock and Wombwell's capital menagerie, and such scientific recreations as the electric railway, which at the time of our visit unkindly refused to work, and had to be assisted on its way by three men in their shirt sleeves. That music hath charms for the multitude is proved by the miscellaneous sounds which proceed from each separate show, and which mingle with the strains of the band playing on the top of the menagerie cages, the organ which plays cheerfully for the huge roundabout, and the vigorous popping of rifles at sundry bottles in numerous booths. More gorgeous without than within, some of the shows give very fair representations, notably Mr. Lee's marionettes. Lovers of the briny can take advantage of the fleet of yachts which faithfully reproduce a good tossing, and altogether the entertainment is eminently one for the people, who like to get their money's worth of variety.



THE TURF.—One does not look for any very exciting Turf events during the Christmas week, and we think that it would be a very good thing for all concerned if Christmas racing was abolished; still it must be confessed that the authorities at Four Oaks (Birmingham) and Kempton Park provided pretty fair sport for their patrons bent on out-door holiday making. At the Metropolitan tryst the December Hurdle Race was won by Chichester, who started the worst favourite of six; Weedley beat eight others for the Thames Hunters' Plate, Rocket, the favourite, running second; and Albert Cecil, who is evidently on the improving line, cantered home in the Middlesex Steeple Chase in front of Iris and Ignition. Athlaca, on the second day, won both the Open Hunters' Flat Race in a field of nine, and the Stewards' Steeplechase Plate.—At Four Oaks, Havoc, with odds on him, took the Soho Hurdle Plate; Julius the Maiden Hunters', and Kemsey the Maiden Hunters' Flat Race. The Selling Steeplechase was won by Muscaton, the son of Musket and Quail, which well-bred animal Mr. A. Yates bought for 140 guineas after the race. Pudding made another winning bracket by beating eight others in the Bosworth Hunters' race, but after the race his jockey had to be well scraped of mud before he could get within his legal weight at the scales. Mrs. Sam was the heroine of the Hunters' Selling Plate, though she was but little fancied for it among the eight runners.

FOOTBALL.—Among Association games of interest recently played may be mentioned the defeat of the Cambridge University Warriors by Aston Villa (Birmingham); of the Present by the Old Westminster Boys; of Old Carlisians by Nottinghamshire; and of Blackburn Rovers by Walsall. Darwen and Blackburn Olympic have played a draw.—Inter-county football is evidently making progress, and in Association games Suffolk has beaten Norfolk; and Staffordshire Shropshire. In a Rugby game Gloucestershire and Somersetshire have played a draw.

AQUATICS.—The race, on Saturday last, over the Thames Championship Course, between Bubeur and Godwin, who had met several times before, was one of the most important, and at the same time one of the most determined, sculling races witnessed for a long time. Godwin held the lead with greater or less intervals between him and his opponent till past Chiswick Church, after which Bubeur gradually rowed him down, and eventually won a splendidly contested race by a length. The winner must now be acknowledged our best young English sculler. Since the race he has challenged Boyd, who we learn is not likely to accept it.

LACROSSE.—After a good give-and-take game, Dulwich has beaten Woodford, and Clapton Kensington. By-the-way, why is it that Lacrosse players fail so often to show up in time, or altogether desert their sides?

ATHLETICS.—On Saturday the London Athletic Club brought off the Ten Miles Running Handicap at Stamford Bridge. The competition was divided into two races, of which the limit race was won by P. G. Hebblethwaite, L.A.C., and the scratch race by H. Linder, of the Clapham Beagles.—All athletics are glad to hear that Mr. W. G. George has returned safely from America.

SWIMMING.—The Christmas Day 100 Yards' Handicap for Amateurs, contested annually since 1864 in the Serpentine, was won on Monday morning last by G. Tucker, of the Dreadnought S.C., with 27 sec. start. There were twelve starters. The temperature of the water was as high as 42 degrees.



CHRISTMASTIDE.—The Saturday and Sunday before Christmas Day were fine in most parts of the country, Sunday indeed in many places was singularly fine, and but for the keenness of the air might have been a July day. Saturday evening, however, showed us a lunar halo of wonderful diameter, and those who believe that "the wider the circle the nearer the rain," predicted untoward things of the day to come. Nor were they mistaken, for Christmas morning brought a lamentable change. Midnight struck on a calm and beautiful if somewhat misty night. The moon was at the full. But during the small hours the mist thickened, while rain began to descend, and when "the world" came down to breakfast the day was as depressing as can well be imagined. This muggy and ungenial Christmas has come upon us rather unexpectedly, for only two days before the weather appeared to be hardening to frost, while the fair abundance of holly berries and the unusual fruitfulness of the mistletoe were on the side of those who expected a hard winter. Such compensation as the weather might give us we had in more flowers than are usual at Christmastide. Stocks and marigolds were still in bloom in sheltered spots, while the chrysanthemums still lingered, and primroses, violets, hyacinths, and narcissi had begun to appear.

CATTLE.—The recent outbreaks of disease have caused, in the opinion of Mr. Mundella, undue alarm. "No greater mistake," he maintains, "could be made than to say that the Privy Council restrictions had been of no effect. In 1871, when they had no restrictions, there were 52,164 outbreaks, and 691,565 animals affected, in 1881 there were only 4,833 outbreaks, and 183,049 animals affected." A change for the better certainly, but if Mr. Mundella were a professional farmer instead of a professional politician, he would hardly speak so glibly of "only" nearly two hundred thousand cattle attacked.

ROOTS AND SHEEP.—Farmers in storing roots have great difficulty on the one hand in keeping out frost, and on the other in preventing rabbits, hares, poultry, and other root-loving creatures from unearthing them. The one safe plan appears to be that of building up a really strong earth-covered pile, from which the roots when required can be taken out by the cart load, only it must be the farmer's care that the hole be stopped securely and thoroughly after this unearthing. Another plan which is winning favour with farmers is not to fold their flocks out in the open field to brave wind and rain, and sleet and snow, and to stand in mire and mud, but to have moveable yards, and shift them as necessity requires from one field to another, or to another part of the same field if a large one. With mutton at fourteenpence a pound it behoves every man to take care of the food that produces it, and the manure which is made in the yards is better than that which is washed away before it can be ploughed into the field.

SHROPSHIRE SHEEP continue to increase in favour. They are slowly but surely displacing the big-headed Hampshire Down, which, besides being lacking in elegance, is supposed to suffer from foot-rot to an unusual extent. The build of the Shropshire is certainly more satisfactory and graceful; indeed size appears to be the principal guide in distinguishing between the finer specimens of Shropshire sheep and the famous Southdowns. English breeders of stock, whether cattle, sheep, or horses, have evidently awakened to the necessity of keeping their choice sires and dams pure, so as to satisfy foreign and other purchasers. As regards the breed we are now considering, it has to be noted that the new Shropshire Flock Book has been satisfactorily established as an annual. Lord Chesham, Sir Charles Mills, and Mr. Bowen Jones have been prominent supporters of the "Shropshire," and the meeting recently held at Birmingham to "start the book" was in every respect a success.

ROMNEY MARSH SHEEP.—Colonial stockmen are currently reported to be particularly acute over their business, so that it is worth noting that they generally appear to have a great liking for sheep bred on the Romney Marshes, deriving their name from that old-world corner of Kent. They say they are hardy, give a heavy fleece, and yield mutton of very good quality. London butchers are equally keen with regard to the purchase of East Kent sheep. The Romney Marsh farmers say that their sheep do uncommonly well on turnips, but that they are not good for crossing with other breeds. A Romney Marsh sheep of eight stone weight produces more lean than the sheep of the Midlands do to a ten stone weight. We learn that the fleeces on ordinary farms in this locality clip about six pounds average. The exceptional rise in the value of mutton, and the importance attaching to the number of sheep raised in England, prompt a short review of the sheep-keeping question. During the past two years owners of sheep have been doing increasingly well.

MILK FARMS AND MILK FACTORIES.—The latter term is not an alluring one, but we are not responsible, for it seems that it was the name given by the owners to a large building near Chippenham, where milk is condensed. A fair practical price is paid to the local farmers for the milk, 6½d. and 7d. per gallon throughout the year. Many farmers, however, think the price even for a wholesale rate too low, and accordingly make butter and cheese on their own account. From what we hear, this policy has not as yet brought about the prosperity of those who have adopted it. We are sorry to hear that in Wiltshire and Hampshire there are now a considerable number of milk farms wanting occupants. The heaviness of the local taxation is bitterly complained of. Tithes in these counties are by no means excessively heavy, six shillings per acre sometimes, but far more often three. The worst of this question is that the unevenness of the tithe charge enables agitators to point to "sad examples," and put abroad plausible mis-statements of the case.



A VERY UNSATISFACTORY STATE OF THINGS was disclosed at the inquiry before the Wreck Commissioner, Mr. Rothery, into the management of the Lowestoft lifeboat. The crew, it seems, had been sulking all the summer, in consequence of the refusal of the local committee to pay them the sum to which they thought themselves entitled for certain work, and would neither haul the boat up nor launch her, and the coxswain seems to have sympathised with the men. Moreover, as the crew belonged to different "companies of beachmen" these also took their comrades' part, and would have nothing to do with the lifeboat. Unfortunately, while all this was going on, the storm of October swept the coast, and many lives were lost which might have been saved had the Lowestoft boat been ready.

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON CAPTAIN HERON-MAXWELL, of the *Clyde*, has ended in the dismissal of that officer from the Service for misappropriation of Government stores and labour, and oppressive conduct of the ship's corporal, who reported the removal of stores. The trial of Fitzgerald, the gunner, on a similar charge, is still pending. The sentence cannot be called too severe, though, if Captain Marryat's tales be based on fact, such malpractices were not thought very heinous in the good old days of Duncan and of Jervis. Dismissal from his ship has been the fate of Mr. W. Ryndon, boatswain of the *Jackal*, also found guilty of making away with Government stores.

SIR R. PHILLIMORE has not retired at Christmas, as it was reported he would do, but will continue to preside over the Court of Admiralty after its removal to the Strand.

NOTICE has been given that all law-books, papers, &c., must be removed from Westminster, and deposited in the New Law Court not later than Jan. 6th.

THOSE who had expected the Belt libel case would be disposed of before Christmas, reckoned without their judge. Baron Huddleston decided that his summing-up could not possibly take less than three or four days. He finished early on Thursday, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff with 5,000*l.* damages.

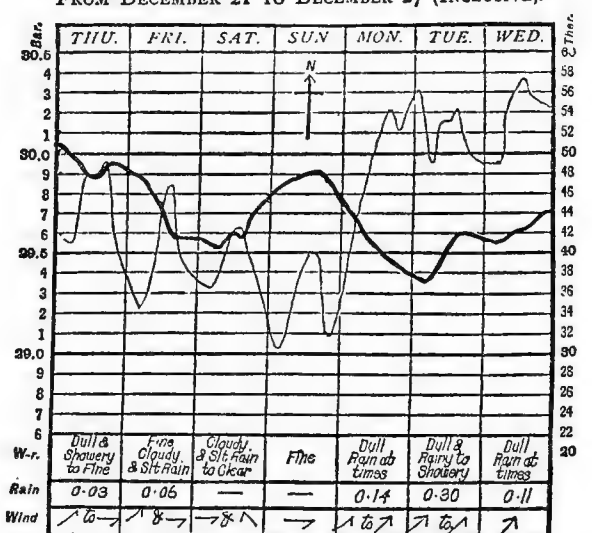
A RULE HAS BEEN GRANTED on the application of the Metropolitan Board of Works, calling upon the Hampstead magistrates to show cause why they should not hear and determine a summons against Mr. Pritchard and others for having played cricket against the by-laws of the Board on a certain part of Hampstead Heath. The case was noticed in our columns at the time, and the magistrates then decided that they had no jurisdiction in the matter because the Act of 1871 did not affect previously existing rights, and there was evidence of a prescriptive right to play cricket on that portion of the Heath. The application was grounded on the plea that the claim thus set up on the part of the public was "too wide."

A CURIOUS QUARREL between two sporting tavern-keepers seems to have benefited no one except their attorneys. A bet, it seems, had been made between them, which the loser declined to pay, on the ground that before the event came off he had written to the other man to withdraw his stake. For this default the indignant winner summoned him before the County Court, but the judge refused to take cognisance of the transaction. Upon this he summoned him for allowing betting on his premises, the bet being that which he himself had made. But again he was met with the reply that one bet does not constitute an offence under the Act, and as he failed to prove that there were others betting in the room, the case was finally dismissed.

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT befell a youthful bankrupt, who, failing in business, sold all he had and went to Queenstown with the proceeds, hoping to get off safely to America. He forgot that in Ireland there was a Coercion Act, and soon found himself arrested as a "suspect." Communication with Scotland Yard revealed that he was not a rebel, only an absconding debtor. His 21*½*—all he had in the world—were taken from him, and his creditors are now cruel enough to hint that unless his father—who is solvent—offers satisfactory terms, he may even be charged with fraudulent disposal of the property.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM DECEMBER 21 TO DECEMBER 27 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has been unsettled, with more rain and higher winds than of late. Several depressions have appeared during the week, but none of serious importance have passed near us. On Thursday (21st inst.) a depression lay off the north of Scotland, causing the barometer to fall slowly, with some showers and fair weather; and by Friday (22nd inst.) had travelled easterly to the Norwegian coasts, whilst another barometrical disturbance was found in the extreme south-west of England, occasioning the barometer to fall quickly, and was accompanied by slight rain and light westerly winds. This disturbance had moved well to the southward by Saturday (23rd inst.), the mercury rising again, with light winds and improved weather. The next day pressure was fairly uniform, and fine weather, with a light westerly wind, prevailed. On Monday (25th inst.), with depressions in the west and north, the mercury fell briskly, south-westerly winds being experienced, and some rain fell. The following day several depressions were noticed, giving us south-westerly winds and showery weather. On Wednesday (27th inst.) a depression of some importance appeared off the north-west of Scotland, and at the close of this period weather of an unsettled character seemed probable. Temperature was rather low on Sunday (24th inst.), but rose rapidly on Monday (25th inst.), and remained abnormally high during Tuesday and Wednesday (26th and 27th inst.). The barometer was highest (30.00 inches) on Thursday (23rd inst.); lowest (29.36 inches) on Tuesday (26th inst.); range, 0.64 inches. Temperature was highest (57°) on Wednesday (26th inst.); lowest (31°) on Sunday (24th inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.84 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.30 inches, on Tuesday (26th inst.).

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Full particulars post free.
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A Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and
unsightly blotches on the face, neck, arms and hands,
can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S
HERBAL OINTMENT. Made from Herbs only, and
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fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the
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observation, to any address on receipt of 15 stamps, to
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Larger Boxes, four times the quantity, 35 stamps. This
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FEVER.—THE LONDON FEVER
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Patients suffering from any infectious fever (other than
small pox) are received into the wards on payment of a
fee of three guineas, without any Governor's order or
other formality.
SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS are earnestly
solicited, as each patient costs the hospital, on an
average, eight guineas. The hospital has no endow-
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Private rooms are provided for the isolation of
superior class patients, at the charge of three guineas
weekly.
Contributions are received by Messrs. Dimsdale and
Co., 50, Cornhill; Messrs. Coutts, Strand; Messrs.
Drummonds, Charing Cross; Messrs. Hoare's, Fleet
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an ambulance is always in readiness for the conveyance
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Every
WEEKDAY—Grand Panorama, "SIEGE OF
PARIS." CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—SPECIAL
ATTRACTIONS. Grand Pantomime, THE FORTY
THIEVES.
Frequent Special Trains direct to the Crystal Palace
by the short and cheap route between London Bridge,
Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road) and the Crystal
Palace will run as required by the Traffic.
Frequent Cheap Trains also from Liverpool Street,
Shoreditch, Whitechapel, Shadwell, Wapping, Rother-
hithe, and Deptford Road to the Crystal Palace.
The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Return
(Admission) Tickets, London to the Crystal Palace, are
available to return from the Brighton Company's
General Station at the Crystal Palace to London Bridge
or Victoria.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, and
SOUTH COAST RAILWAY (The Direct Mid-
Sussex Route). A Late Theatre Train at Cheap Fares.
A Special Cheap Excursion to the CRYSTAL PALACE
without change of Carriage and at Fares including
Admission, GRAND PANTOMIME AT THE
CRYSTAL PALACE at 2 p.m.; and to LONDON
(London Bridge and Victoria Stations), for the
LONDON PANTOMIMES, MONDAY, January 1,
a Fast Train will leave Portsmouth Harbour at 8 a.m.,
Portsmouth Town, 8 5 a.m., Havant, 8 20 a.m., arriving
at London Bridge 10 35 a.m.; Crystal Palace, 10 30 a.m.;
Clapham Junction, 10 30 a.m.; Victoria, 11 0 a.m.
Returning from London Bridge, 11 50 p.m.; Victoria,
11 45 p.m.; Clapham Junction, 11 55 p.m.; and from
the Crystal Palace, 6 5 p.m.

FARES.
To the Crystal Palace and Back (including Admission).
To Victoria & Clapham Junction and Back.

From	2nd Class. Parly.	2nd Class. Parly.
PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR	8s. 9d. 6s. 3d.	8s. 0d. 5s. 6d.
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Children under Twelve Years of Age Half Price.
Bassenges with Luggage charged Ordinary Fares.
Tickets not transferable; only available to and from
the Stations named thereon by the Excursion Train, and
on the date of issue. No allowance will be made for
any Excursion Ticket lost, mislaid, or not used.
By Order, J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager
London Bridge Terminus, December, 1882.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, and
SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

Train Arrangements &c. for January, 1883.
LONDON and BRIGHTON.
The following Trains will be 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class:—
The 9 30 a.m. Fast Train from London Bridge.
The 11 50 a.m. Fast Train from Victoria.
The 12 0 noon Fast Train from London Bridge.
The 5 43 p.m. Fast Train from Victoria.
The 6 0 p.m. Fast Train from London Bridge.
The 8 55 a.m. Fast Train from Brighton to Victoria
and London Bridge.

The 1 45 p.m. Train from Brighton to Victoria and
London Bridge.
The 3 45 p.m. Train from Brighton to Victoria and
London Bridge.
LONDON, WEST BRIGHTON, and WORTHING.
The following will be additional Direct Trains from
London to West Brighton and Worthing via Preston
Park Spur Line (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
The 9 30 a.m. Fast Train from London Bridge.
The 11 50 a.m. Fast Train from Victoria.
The 2 0 p.m. Train from London Bridge.
The 2 5 p.m. Train from London Bridge.
The 7 50 p.m. Train from London Bridge.
The 8 0 p.m. Train from London Bridge.

LONDON and HASTINGS.
The following Trains will be 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class:—
The 11 40 a.m. Train from Victoria.
The 11 50 a.m. Train from London Bridge.
The 2 0 p.m. Train from Victoria.
The 2 5 p.m. Train from London Bridge.
**BRIGHTON and KEMP TOWN LINE, PRESTON
PARK, and WEST BRIGHTON LOCAL SER-
VICES.**

The Passenger Fares on the Kemp Town Line, and
between Stations on that Line and Preston Park, and
West Brighton will be generally revised and reduced.
A new Local Time Table of Trains, Fares, &c., for
these Services will be issued for January, 1883.
For particulars of Train Alterations generally, see
Special Poster.

By Order, J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.
London Bridge Terminus,
21st December, 1882.

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ACCUMULATED FUND,
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DAILY till SATURDAY, February 3, 1883, of
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which

HALLING, PEARCE, and
STONE beg to state that EXCEPTIONALLY
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CHAPTER LI.

GHOST OR NO GHOST?

ON a certain September evening Mark Medway was returning home later than his wont from one of his solitary walks. He had been visiting a favourite haunt, the ruins of Trenarvon Castle, where we first met him with his two friends; it was but a few years ago, but change has been busy with him and them.

Frank Meade indeed, save as respects his health, is little altered, nor is his present position in life different from what it might reasonably be expected to be; he assists his father in his profession, and has a practice on his own account that is increasing; while as to his relations with Mark they would be as friendly as ever, and with a nearer bond, if Mark himself would but permit it.

But Mark is another man. His clear-cut attractive face has grown thin and haggard; his quiet scholar-like look has changed to one of suspicion and unrest; there is something in his eyes which makes Dr. Meade look grave, when Mrs. Medway is not at hand, to whom he still speaks with cheerfulness and hope. He and she alone know how Mark's father came by his end.

And Kit—poor Kit, whose light laugh used to ring through yonder copse, and his smile enhance the sunshine, where are his gibes and his merriment now? It is of Kit, we may be sure, that Mark is thinking, as he paces sentry-like beneath the deserted rampart. Here it was that he had told that curious incident of his boyhood, how in

jest he had sold himself to the foul fiend, and here had reminded Frank how they two had agreed to meet together once again even though Death should have divided them.

The moon was rising, and silvering the waste of waters with its cold gleam, but not a ship was in sight. Mark remembered that he had been told in the town that day that a certain vessel bound for Rio, which had lain in the harbour for some days at the quay that fronted the Dovecote, was to sail with the tide that night; the tide was due, and what little wind there was was fair for the ship; but she still delayed. Mark was watching for her with that dreamy interest which sometimes arises respecting some extraneous object, when the mind is otherwise deeply preoccupied; or perhaps it was through some instinct of association with Kit himself, who had been wont to take delight in such occurrences. Not only had all human affairs had their attraction for him, but everything that had life and motion. And now by a malignant and unjust destiny, reflected Mark, he was shut out from them all!

There are times "when our light is low," wherein "the riddle of the painful earth" grows suddenly importunate, and the spirit, like a caged bird, dashes itself in despair against the unseen but adamant wall that surrounds us all; and such a time had come on Mark. The question, "Can such things be, and Heaven be just?" was harassing his very soul. A deep sigh—which is all that ever comes of it—at last broke from his heart, and with a gesture with both hands (that pitiful sign of vain expostulation with fate, which is made

only by the mad and the miserable) he ran down through the copse and took the road towards home.

In a few hundred yards his way diverged from the main road, but before he quitted it *this* happened. He beheld a figure rapidly advancing towards him on the turf by the wayside, and apparently bound for Mogadion. The form was familiar to him, but its face was bowed as if in thought; as it came on with noiseless tread, a sudden chill ran through his veins, and he suddenly cried out in an agony of distress and terror, "Kit, Kit!"

The figure stopped, and looked at him intently. Though pale and thin, with hollow cheeks and hollow eyes that shone like fire, it was indeed Kit himself.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Mark, clasping his hands, "it is he!"

He would have embraced him, but the other motioned him back with a quick movement of the hand.

"Are you so angry with me, Kit?" exclaimed Mark, despairingly. The other shook his head.

"Have you escaped?"

"Yes—from the grave," was the solemn rejoinder. "Remember my promise. I have kept my word."

Mark's blood was frozen with terror; yet his exceeding love to some extent conquered fear. "Is there anything—oh Kit, even yet—"

"You can do nothing for me."

"Too late, too late," moaned the unhappy Mark.

"I am forbidden to speak of any such thing," continued the other; "take only this word of warning. Beware of Frank Meade; let him never be Maud's husband. Farewell."

The speaker pointed to the horizon, and Mark's eyes mechanically followed the direction indicated. When he looked again the figure was gone. It had disappeared in an instant. The grass on which it had stood bordered the copse, and it was just possible that it had plunged into its depths; but if so, it was with the quickness and silence of a wood snake. Nothing was to be seen save the misty road and the moonlit sea.

There is one argument (among many others) which has always convinced me that every individual, of whose character I have the means of judging, is lying when he tells me that he has seen a ghost, namely, the very slight impression that the supposed spectacle has made upon him. The gulf between the living and the dead is so tremendous, and the desire, or at least the curiosity, to have it bridged is so extreme, that if that engineering feat had been ever accomplished, the spectator would never have enough to say about it; or, if unwilling or forbidden to speak, would never cease to think of it. Such an experience, even though it happened to the most thoughtless and giddy-pated of men (who are our chief ghost-seers), would make an impression which no time could erase, and which would stand out in strong relief as compared with all their other life experiences whatsoever. It has been urged, indeed, by those who have admitted this much, that if a man should be haunted, *i.e.*, should see a ghost pretty often, custom would make a commonplace even of that; and as a parallel instance the old belief in an eternity of physical torment has been adduced. It was found possible, they say, by persons who believed that nineteenth-twentieths of the whole world, including their own personal acquaintances, would perish in eternal fire, to get so used to the idea as to eat, sleep, and enjoy themselves in spite of it; but in such a case the word "belief" is very elastic, and at the most means a heartless credulity. The passive acceptance of a dogma, however revolting to reason and humanity, is a very different thing from the conviction born of personal experience. A glance at the Gehenna which Calvin believed himself to believe in would have turned even his stomach for ever; and he who once saw a ghost—an actual denizen of the other world—would not, like those who believe, or pretend to believe, they have done so, enter it into his commonplace book among other "remarkable events," such as snow in May, or the birth of a calf with two heads.

And thus it happened in this case. Mark Medway, being firmly convinced that his friend had left the Unseen World to speak with him, did not treat the matter as a visit from a person of distinction to be boasted of to his friends, or to be related, in moments of confidence, as an interesting circumstance. He went home in a state of awe as great as ever arose from human experience, and with a tendency, while obeying the injunctions of the dead man, to keep his interview with him a solemn secret. His air and manner on reaching the Knoll, however, were so strange and *distrait*, and caused his mother such distress of mind, that an explanation was absolutely necessary. What he had to say only increased her agitation, though the alarm she exhibited was by no means due to the cause to which he assigned it. Ghosts had no terrors for her; but she trembled for her son's reason. She had been warned not to oppose his convictions; but one argument, as powerful as it was simple, she did venture to advance.

"But, my dear Mark, Kit is not dead."

Mark shook his head. "I would," he sighed, "that I could think so."

"But if he is not, my dear Mark," she persisted, "I suppose you will allow that you cannot have seen his ghost."

It was really not much to ask in the way of admission, yet it roused Mark's indignation. It seemed to him a sort of blasphemy to conceive of that mysterious presence, the recollection of which still shook his very soul, as being still in the flesh.

The first thing in the morning Mrs. Medway sent for both her counsellors, and they brought the strangest news with them.

Christopher Garston was really dead. The Rector had received a letter that morning from the gaol chaplain announcing the prisoner's decease some days ago. "I should have written before," he said, "but Miss Garston especially requested me not to do so till after the funeral. The attendance of any of his friends would, I am sure, have distressed her exceedingly. She was, of course, the sole mourner, and, indeed, under the circumstances, I cannot myself deplore the poor fellow's death. He had been ailing for a long time, growing weaker and thinner, but the end came somewhat unexpectedly; he died in the infirmary in the night, and almost before the doctor could be summoned. At Miss Garston's request he was laid in the churchyard at Marston, at which village she has been residing for these last three months. She left her lodgings immediately after the ceremony, but whither she has gone I have been unable to discover. It is possible, now that this sad page in her history is closed, that she may seek her old friends and yours. Heaven grant it may be so!"

"This is indeed terrible news," gasped Mrs. Medway. "Do you think that that really happened about which I wrote to you?"

"That Mark saw the ghost?" exclaimed the Rector. "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Medway, you are a most disappointing woman. I have always held you up as a pattern of common sense."

"But how do you explain it?"

"Very easily. Mark heard this news, by some means, before we did. With his mind greatly excited by it he visits an old haunt of his dead friend, and imagines he sees him. It is the simplest case of spectral illusion."

"But, as I wrote to you, he tells me that the figure spoke to him—warned him against Frank's engagement with Maud."

"I had rather not say what I think about that," said the Doctor, with the colour in his cheek.

"On the contrary," said the Rector, "I think that part of the story is as easy of explanation as the rest of it. Your son has Kit in his mind—not to say on the brain—and thinks he saw him; he has also Kit's objection to Frank's marriage in his mind, and he thinks he hears him."

"That's it," assented the Doctor cheerfully. He had already recovered from his little fit of spleen, and acknowledged to himself that the idea which had momentarily occurred to him, that Mark had invented Kit's warning against Frank to suit his own views, was untenable. "Of course," he continued, "this affair will make matters worse for the present; your son will be even more wrapped up in his dead friend than when he was alive, but, since he *is* dead, this glamour cannot last for ever. I believe in Dr. Time."

Scarcely any one else among Mark's friends had the same belief in that eminent practitioner. Day after day went by without weakening in the least Mark's impression of that awful interview in the Castle Road, as the highway that ran beneath the old ruin was called, and what the apparition had said to him was as Gospel in his eyes. He seemed more determined, so far as in him lay, to oppose his sister's union with Frank Meade than ever. The Knoll was his mother's house, not his own, so Mark could not close its doors against him; but he showed plainly enough that the young man's visits were distasteful to him. Frank behaved with the utmost patience and gentleness; but it was out of the question that he could make himself acceptable to Mark since the way to the heart of his old friend was barred. Frank pitied him, and indeed pitied Kit, for his nature was not such a one as can pursue the dead with even righteous indignation; but he could not but resent the effect of his jealousy and ill will towards him on Mark. He never dwelt on Kit's errors. The tomb was his asylum, but if Kit had been alive,

and a free man, he would have told him what he thought of him in terms which would have been highly actionable. As to Trenna, Frank was as desirous as Maud herself to discover the place of her concealment, and, if possible, to persuade her to return to her old friends. In addition to the natural compassion he felt for her lonely condition, it seemed to him that he owed her reparation for the wrong he had done her in thought of old. His inquiries about her were unceasing, and in the London newspapers he had inserted many dexterously-worded advertisements, the joint composition of himself and Maud, which, while appealing to no eye but Trenna's, could not have failed, had she lighted on them, to attract her attention.

His solicitude on Trenna's account was no secret, however, in Mogadion, and at last he got news of her. Exactly a month after the announcement of Kit's death had been received at the Knoll, Abel Deedes, who was now in service with a local banker in the neighbourhood, by whom he was highly valued, called at the Dovecote one night, and made a private and confidential statement to "Mr. Frank."

He said that on that day month he had been sent on an errand which had detained him late, and that on returning home he had met, on the moonlit road, a young sailor coming towards Mogadion. The stranger, on catching sight of him, had crossed the road as if to avoid him, but Abel's pipe had gone out, and he had no matches, and being, like most men of his phlegmatic temperament, an inveterate smoker, he was not going to miss this excellent chance of remedying his calamity; for what sailor does not smoke tobacco and carry lights?

He, therefore, hailed the young man, who, probably not understanding what he wanted, answered, "Good night, my man." The words were inapposite enough, but the tone in which they were uttered was so very peculiar that Abel stopped the lad.

"I asked you," he said, "if you had a light about you. You answer me more like a girl than a boy. One would think," he added, referring to the season of local histrionics, "it was mummifying time—"

"Thank Heaven, it is Abel Deedes," interrupted the other with a quick gasp of gratitude. And then, to Abel's immense amazement and alarm, he recognised in the sailor lad his young mistress of Grey House.

She told him she was going to embark that night for South America, in order to evade certain importunate creditors, and that it was of the utmost importance that the disguise should be maintained, of which her unexpected meeting with him had compelled the disclosure. It was quite unnecessary to appeal to him by the remembrance of her former kindnesses to him, to assist her in her present plight. Abel Deedes, though not of the gilded-armour-and-embroidered-banner style of chivalry, was the very soul of it, and, moreover, looked upon an importunate creditor very much as a medieval knight might have done upon a Saracen defending his native soil. He not only willingly promised to keep silence on the adventure of the night, but insisted on turning back and seeing Trenna in safety to her destination, which was the vessel moored just opposite the Doctor's house.

Four weeks had been the period she had imposed upon the faithful Abel as the limit to his silence, and, as may be imagined, he had been greedily impatient for the hour when he was at liberty to tell his tale to "Mr. Frank."

The story was strange enough, albeit undoubtedly true, but what struck Frank as most noteworthy was the date of the occurrence. Abel had met Trenna on the same evening on which Mark had had his fancied interview with her brother. The question which now occurred to Frank's mind was, *had* that interview been "fancy"? He had never believed in Kit's ghost, but now he began to disbelieve in his having been in a position to be a ghost at all. If he was not dead, Kit had escaped by Trenna's connivance, and what was more likely than that the brother and sister should have both come down, though separately, in order to avoid suspicion, to a small and out-of-the-way port like Mogadion in order to leave the country? That there was the most urgent necessity for secrecy was evident from the fact of Trenna's disguise. However desirous of avoiding recognition from her old friends, she would never have put on male attire for any such purpose. While, on the other hand, if she had wished to go abroad upon her own account, she would scarcely have selected Mogadion as the place of departure. Again, it would have been curious that she should have selected Rio, where she had no belongings nor any known attraction, for her future home; whereas, if Kit had accompanied her, it was explicable enough, since, once in South America, the convict would be safe. How they had known of the ship's being in the harbour, how they had made arrangements for their passage, or where they had procured the necessary funds, remained, of course, and might ever remain, a matter of conjecture. But Trenna's devotion and Kit's cleverness would account for a good deal.

What was the chief puzzle, however, was how the authorities at Dartmoor had been deceived, if they *had* been deceived, as to Kit's decease; and this point, at all events, Frank Meade was resolved to unravel. The more he thought of the whole matter, the more he was convinced that Kit was in the land of the living, and, not being dead, it was natural that he sometimes thought of him with exceeding bitterness. On one occasion he even said to himself, in reference to that confession of Kit's under the castle rocks, "He has not yet come to the end of his tether. The foul fiend was not to have him *per* agreement for the next year or so."

He was immensely interested in the whole question for its own sake, but his main and ulterior object was of course to open Mark's eyes. If he could prove Kit to be alive, that "warning from the dead" would not only lose its efficacy, but must needs partake of the nature of an imposture, and if Mark could be convinced that Kit had deceived him, the whole fabric of his influence over him would topple to its fall.

For the present, however, Frank enjoined silence upon Abel Deedes, and kept the entire matter locked up in his own heart. If once he gave expression to his suspicions they would fly far and wide, he knew, like thistle-down, and it was essential that Mark should hear nothing of them till they should take the shape of conviction. One person, indeed, Mr. Penryn, on account of his connection with the gaol chaplain, Frank was compelled to take into his confidence, but it was necessary that his revelation, even to the Rector, should be delayed a little for a certain reason.

CHAPTER LII.

MRS. MORTON

AMONG the patients that Mr. Frank Meade, F.R.C.S., had of his own chance to be one Mrs. Morton, whose husband had taken a house for a few weeks in the neighbourhood of Mogadion, though at the distance of some miles from it. This lady was a very pretty and interesting bride, and it was a great annoyance to Mr. Morton, who knew the neighbourhood, that the place he had fixed upon without consulting her, and as "a surprise" for their honeymoon, in the midst of so many charming walks and drives, should have been a comparative failure from her inability to enjoy them. She had sprained her ankle on the first day of her arrival, and had never left the house. The case was curious, for though she professed herself to be in some pain, and quite unable to move, there were no external symptoms of any mischief. Mr. Morton, who was much her senior, and passionately devoted to her, was greatly concerned about her; and Frank had promised him, though the patient expressed herself as strongly opposed to it, that if the matter was

not set right by a certain date he would call in another opinion, and in the mean time would pay the patient a daily visit. A sprained ankle is a small thing—and Mrs. Morton's ankle was a very small thing—but there were circumstances in the case which, independent of the youth and beauty of the sufferer, and even of her confidence in his professional skill, made it a very interesting one to her medical adviser. Upon his first being called in to Mrs. Morton he was struck by a very extraordinary resemblance she bore to the little girl whose life, as has been mentioned, he had in vain attempted to save in the London hospital, and to whom, in fact, he had sacrificed his health. The child in question, however, being of humble rank, and very unlikely to be connected with a lady of his new patient's social position, he had endeavoured to dismiss the matter from his mind as being a mere coincidence. Nevertheless, the more he saw of Mrs. Morton the more the resemblance grew upon him, and on one occasion, when they happened to be alone together, he ventured to allude to the subject. "I once had a little patient at my hospital in London," he said, "of whom you remind me exceedingly."

"What?" she cried, "is it possible that you are the Mr. Meade who attended 'little Alice'?" (So she had been called in the ward, where she was a great favourite, and by that name mentioned in the papers, for the case had been quite a *cause célèbre* in the medical world.)

"It was I who attended her," he answered, modestly, "though, as it turned out, poor child, to very little purpose."

"But with consequences to yourself, as I understood," she put in, in a trembling voice, "of a very serious kind."

"Oh! I am getting better of all that," he answered, smiling.

But she did not seem to hear him. The colour had fled from her face, and she had become extremely agitated.

"Mr. Meade," she said, "that was my sister! You may well look astonished. It strikes you, no doubt, as strange that any relation of mine should have been so poor and so neglected."

Here the tears came into her eyes; and it was with eager haste that the young doctor began to utter some commonplaces about a hospital being the very best place, whether for rich or poor, for a patient to receive care and attention.

She waved her hand impatiently, as if to dismiss such arguments. "I was poor myself at that time," she said. "Up to the day my good husband married me I was quite a poor girl. I am not ashamed of that."

She hesitated. The young doctor's face was an expressive one, though he had learnt in the practice of his profession to school it. She read in it the deduction he had drawn, and the colour flew to her cheeks.

"And whatever I may have been," she added with vehemence, "I have no secrets from my husband."

"Indeed, madam," said Frank earnestly, "I have never supposed it."

"No; you do good to your fellow-creatures; you are not a man who presupposes evil of all womankind," she continued rapidly; "and you are a gentleman, I am sure. Though my husband knows my former humble position, and everything connected with it, I have—being a woman," here she smiled like an angel, "some foolish pride. I do not wish others to know my past."

"No human being will hear one word of it through me, madam."

"I do not fear it. If I did, I should still not regret having made you the confession. I owed it to you for my dead sister's sake."

The young doctor made haste to dismiss the subject. There was no further allusion to it on either side, but from henceforth he took a great interest in his patient, while she, on her part, seemed to reciprocate it, since she talked to him unreservedly upon his own position and prospects, and even drew from him, with womanly touch, how matters stood with him in connection with Maud and friends at the Knoll. This last information made her look so unaccountably grave, that, if Frank had been ever so little of a coxcomb he might have flattered himself that she was jealous of his intended. But the attachment between the young doctor and his patient, though it was very genuine, was quite Platonic. What was curious, and exhibited a power of the emotions over the muscles not generally admitted, as soon as Mrs. Morton understood that Frank wanted to get away to Dartmoor (for he actually made her the repository of that dead secret), than her ankle began to grow stronger, and he found himself able to undertake the expedition at an earlier date than he had fixed for it.

His first step was to reveal what Abel Deedes had told him to the Rector, who at once expressed his conviction that there was something amiss in that story of Kit's death and burial. "My opinion of Christopher Garston, as you know, Frank, was never a good one. With all his cleverness and good looks that man was morally a 'Claphorer'."

"That sounds very bad," said Frank, who was under the disadvantage of not understanding the old Cornish tongue.

"'Claphorer' means 'leper,' explained the Rector; "that young man was a very bad lot, and I shall not be surprised at anything that comes out against him."

Instead of going his usual round among his patients, Frank started the next morning with Mr. Penryn for the convict prison.

"In no habitable part of Great Britain," writes one who had good reason for his statement, having himself "worked out his time" there, "is the severity of winter felt more than at Dartmoor. Rain is thought nothing of, as it mostly rains or drizzles, but the thick fogs soak through everything." Though the winter had not set in when Frank and the Rector visited the place, the fogs had. They had a weird and desolate drive from the railway station over the moor, where the mist lay so thick that they came upon the picket of the civil guard, armed with rifle and bayonet, who form a cordon round the gaol, before the gloomy pile itself loomed up before them. "What a place," was the secret thought of both of them, "for a man of Christopher Garston's temperament to have been immured, and what desperate plan would he not have been capable of adopting to escape from it?"

The gaol chaplain received them with cordiality, and showed them over the dread domain. They saw the cell in which Kit had been confined, with its narrow window of rough glass, through which but a strip of dull sky was visible; its rude flat table, its narrow shelf and dreary fittings—a melancholy cage, indeed, for such a song-bird. Then they were introduced to the infirmary, where he had occupied a double-bedded room. His companion had been a brother of one of the warders, himself employed in the prison, but admitted as a patient by favour, who had died within a day or two of Kit himself. The warder had since left the prison, and there was none to speak with much personal knowledge of Kit's last hours. The chaplain had not been called in to him, as he had died suddenly in the night, and the doctor who had attended him was a stranger, who had acted as the *locum tenens* of the ordinary surgeon, who had been away upon his holiday.

This information all tended to confirm the visitors' suspicions, which, when they had heard all he had to say, they communicated to their host, the chaplain. That gentleman, though by no means staggered by their story—he was in the habit of receiving such amazing revelations from the members of his tainted flock that a mild surprise was the most of which his nature was now capable—thought it of sufficient importance to lay before the Governor, to whom they were in consequence introduced. He listened to their narrative with great politeness, but with a somewhat amused expression of countenance. There were not many subjects open to humorous treatment at Dartmoor, but any notion that "our system" could be in fault, or that the authorities could be deceived, was always a good joke.

Prisoners sometimes expired, he allowed, at Dartmoor before their sentences did, but none ever left the place alive before the proper time. Such an incident was contrary to experience, common sense, and even possibility. However, since the "system" had been impugned, it was necessary to establish his infallibility. His position invested him with special powers; he could have a convict's body exhumed without application to the Home Secretary. If the remains of 18,422 (the number which had sufficed poor Kit for name while an inmate of the prison) should be found where they were supposed to be, and identified, he concluded that Mr. Penryn and his young friend would acknowledge their suspicions to be unfounded; but to that end they must accept his hospitality for the night.

To this, of course, they consented; and the next morning, accompanied by certain officials, all repaired to the little churchyard. A small headstone, ordered by Trenna, was being prepared by the village stonemason for her brother's grave, but at present it lay bare and naked enough, without even the turf upon it. It was but the work of a few minutes to dig down through the soft earth to the deal coffin, to open which as little time sufficed. Its contents, instead of "the house not built with hands" which ought to have been found there, were the materials for an actual dwelling house—bricks and plaster. The general amazement was pretty considerable, but that of the Governor bordered on the sublime.

"Why, goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "Our whole system has broken down!"

And so it had. On a searching inquiry, the facts of Kit's escape—which it is fair (to the system) to add had been greatly aided by circumstances—were as follows:—The warden of the infirmary had been bribed. When his brother died he had called in the *locum tenens* of the prison surgeon, who knew none of its inmates, and given the name of the deceased as that of Christopher Garston, in whose name the certificate of death was duly made out. For the interment a coffin and the brickbats were at once provided, but the body was retained to play another part. The regular prison surgeon, who was to return next day to his duties, of course made no difficulty in giving a certificate of death in the name of the warden's brother; while No. 18,422 was already struck off the prison roll.

Though not easy, it therefore became not impossible to smuggle him out of the gaol; and, without doubt, this had been effected. Where the money had come from to accomplish all these objects no one knew; but that money had done it, aided by assistance from without, was certain. It is possible that the Cook's Creek Mine, though it did not turn out satisfactorily to the shareholders, had been worked to a profit by its enterprising originator; or perhaps some dealer in the precious metals, less fortunate than Mr. Flesker (who did get back his diamond), had contributed to Kit's private stores. The Rio ship had been an ordinary trader, the captain of which had been induced by certain golden arguments to take two brothers as passengers in lieu of part of his freight.

All this was in time made as clear as daylight to every one but the person whom it was most important to convince. The belief of a lifetime was not to be shaken by a fact or two, adduced, also, by persons who had a personal interest in their acceptance. Does a mother believe in her darling's guilt because the world does so, or a miserable minority of it—say twelve—have happened to convict him? And Mark's love for Kit, if not equal to that of a mother for her offspring, surpassed that of brother for brother. The sense, too, of loving service done, always strong in grateful hearts, no doubt helped to close his ears against the voice of reason. Lastly, he clung to the belief that Kit's affection for him had, in truth, survived death itself; and that, no matter what story might be devised to take from him that comfort, he had, indeed, beheld his old friend in the spirit, and listened to his voice from beyond the grave.

Mr. Penryn, indeed, took another view of the position. If, he said, we find so many persons who pretend to believe that they have seen a ghost still sticking to their story, in the teeth both of arguments and ridicule, how much more was it to be expected that a man who really believed he had seen one should refuse to be convinced to the contrary?

But the Rector had no matrimonial intentions to which Mark's scepticism presented the only obstacle, and could therefore afford to be philosophic; while Mr. Frank Meade could not. That his marriage would take place, notwithstanding Mark's continued opposition, was probable enough; but, in that case, it would be a very different affair from what both Maud and himself had pictured. As matters stood, its accomplishment bade fair to break up the little household at the Knoll altogether.

The circumstances, so every way painful and peculiar, were, of course, kept to themselves as much as possible; but Mrs. Morton was one of the few persons to whom Frank unreservedly confided them. It is difficult for a man to decline the proffered sympathy of a pretty and interesting young woman in any case, but the tie of her dead sister bound her and Frank together far closer than any new-made friendship could have done. Moreover, the period of Mrs. Morton's sojourn in the neighbourhood of Mogadion was coming to an end, and the sense of parting, perhaps, drew her nearer to him. She was no longer his patient, though, strange to say, the recovery of her health did not result in those walks abroad to which her husband looked forward; but on the day before her departure he came to pay her a farewell visit.

This proved to be the occasion of a very strange communication, and also of a revolution of a surprising nature in his own affairs.

"Mr. Meade," she said, "if this were not the last time we were to meet—in all probability for ever—perhaps I should hesitate to do what I am about to do, even for your sake. It will cost me something, but it will cost me less than if you knew what it cost me. Therefore, I must beg of you—no matter what surprise you may feel at what I have to say to you—that you will ask me no questions."

Frank's surprise was certainly very considerable, but he bowed respectful acquiescence.

"Here is a letter," she went on, "which, without saying one more word than is necessary to account for your possession of it, I authorise you to give to the person to whom it is addressed."

He took the letter, which, to his amazement, he saw was addressed to Mark Medway.

"But, my dear madam," he remonstrated, "if this, as I venture to conclude, has any reference to myself or my own affairs, I must needs say that in Mark's present state of mind—"

She put up her hand to stop him. "You are about to say, no doubt, that any interposition on the part of a stranger on your behalf cannot possibly affect Mr. Medway except for ill. You are mistaken there; it will affect him and your own interests very much, and for good. It may be necessary, perhaps, to state," here her voice faltered, and the tears came suddenly into her eyes, "that I am not altogether a stranger to your friend. To ask more of me in the way of explanation would be a breach of the promise you have tacitly given me."

"Then I will say no more, madam, but will gratefully do your bidding," said Frank, gently. "Even if nothing should come of it, I shall never forget your generous intention."

"And while the memory of my little sister abides with me, Mr. Meade, I shall never forget you and what you did for her. It is curious," she added, with a faint smile, "but though you will reap the benefit of it, you will never know what I have done for you."

In a few minutes afterwards Frank had taken his leave and turned his horse's head (well did that steed know his road by this time) to the Knoll. Upon the way, as it happened, he met Mark,

taking one of his solitary walks. He would, perhaps, have passed the other without speaking to him—so far had the gulf widened between them—had not Frank stopped him to give him Mrs. Morton's letter.

Mark looked at the superscription, started, turned very red, and then asked shortly, "Who gave you this?"

"The writer," answered Frank, quietly. Instinct, or perhaps mere curiosity, prompted him to check his horse, and remain where he was. It was possible, moreover, that some answer might be entrusted to him. Mark became at once too intensely absorbed in the contents of the letter to know whether the other had gone on or still stood there. "Dear Mr. Medway," it ran, "I little thought that I should ever give you the pain of once more receiving any communication from my hand. It is not for my own sake that I address you, but for yours; to save you from the persistence in a great wrong to one of the best and worthiest of men, and to open your eyes, since no one else can do it, as regards—" (here there was an erasure; was it possible she had written "the worst," and that some tender remembrance of the past had caused her to blot it out?)—"as regards another man. In your last letter to me, full of unmerited gentleness and forbearance towards myself, you expressed yourself with the utmost bitterness and indignation against a certain person, but for whom, as you imagined, I might have been worthy of your love. Against that person (think of what it costs me to write all this, and then judge whether aught of it can be less than truth itself?), against that person I may have wrongs to urge, but not the wrong you imputed to him. Instead of his name put that of Christopher Garston, and the indignation you have expressed will be just. My lot is a happy one, blessed beyond all hope or merit, as the bearer of this note will tell you; but it is no thanks to Christopher Garston, by whom my young life was cankered in the bud, that I am not a sinner and a castaway. If I ever read your heart aright I am sure of these two things—first, that after reading this, written, as it seems to me, with my life's blood, you will destroy it; secondly, that you will take to your heart the man who gives it you, and keep him there to fill the place from which these words of mine will have cast out an unworthy tenant. I am giving you terrible pain, I know, for I can feel for you. There was a time, Heaven knows, when Christopher Garston was all in all to me."

There was nothing more—not even a signature.

Mark looked up with a sigh that seemed to come from his very soul, and saw Frank standing near, his bridle under his arm, and his horse cropping the grass.

"Who is she?"

The words were simple enough, but the tone in which they were uttered conveyed another meaning. Frank understood at once that what the other meant was, "Who is she now?"

When he had told him all he knew of her, Mark asked, with the red in his cheek, whether she had been long in her present place of residence.

"Three months. She has had a sprained ankle, which confined her to the house," he answered, replying to the other's thought.

"Why have I not seen her?"

The explanation of poor Mrs. Morton's complaint was now plain enough. She had had her reasons for keeping within doors. "She leaves this neighbourhood to-morrow," continued Frank, significantly.

Mark sighed again, but this time there was relief, as well as regret, in it.

"Better so," he murmured. Then he held out his hand, "Frank, I have been very wrong."

"Say wronged, Mark," was the grave rejoinder.

"Hush, hush; you will forgive me, I know, but do not let your generosity stop there. I thought him dead. He is dead to me now; let him be dead to you, and being so, speak no ill of him."

"I never will, Mark. Let us forget him."

"Forget him? That I can never do. Poor Kit: poor Kit."

And for the first time in his life, Frank beheld his friend in tears. And both men kept their words. From that day Christopher Garston was but a memory.

It was understood at the Knoll that there were no questions to be asked concerning Mark's change of opinion. The ladies were too glad to find that it had changed to be curious as to the means whereby that had been brought about. Scarce Frank himself was more impatient for his marriage-day than Mark now became to witness it. It seemed that he could never do enough in the way of friendship and brotherly love to make up for his recent antagonism.

In time—though it took a long time—Mark resumed his old ways and work; and it is thought not impossible that by the time he is a great-uncle he will be in a position to publish the first volume of his county history. The parallel there ceases, for the work being in quarto, the phrase "Welcome, little stranger," would be not altogether appropriate to its appearance. From this delicate allusion it will have been manifest that Frank and Maud were duly united. How their wedding-day, though long fixed, should have been known so far away they could never discover; it was only one more mystery added to many in connection with the persons concerned; but on that very morning the last missive Maud Medway received in her maiden name was a telegram from Valparaiso.

"All happiness attend you both. We are as you would wish us to be. Farewell. TRENNA."

From which it was gathered (I trust rightly) that in another clime, and under other circumstances, Kit is leading a new life, and doing well.

THE END.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE died in 1864; and now, eighteen years afterwards, we receive what was to have been "the crowning achievement of his literary career." That work is "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," a romance, edited, with preface and notes, by Julian Hawthorne (1 vol.: Longmans and Co.). Yielding to none in our admiration for the one man whom America has yet given to the highest region of fiction, we cannot think either that the publication of "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret" (the commonplace title is not his own) in its extremely crude condition was in any way advisable, or that, if he had lived to finish it, it would have proved worthy of his genius. It is, as it stands, the rough block of an unpromising statue, and what interest it possesses is chiefly of the autobiographical kind, as showing the artist in his studio instead of his work in the gallery. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, contemptuously refusing to notice the literary scandals that have gathered round this long-delayed manuscript, describes the nature of the delay, and the difficulties attending the editing of "a compact mass of minute hieroglyphics, hardly to be deciphered save by flashes of inspiration." The first half had been re-written, so as to be inconsistent with the original plot which remains in the second; and each of the *dramatis personæ* (in the MS.) figures in the course of the story under from three to six different names. The design, we are told, had been in the author's mind for seven years, and the notes and studies he had written for it would of themselves fill a small volume. In some of them it is easy to trace the development of the scattered seeds of fancy to be found in the American "Note-Books"—for example, "the

print in blood of a naked foot to be tracked through the street of a town." But the moral does not, for once, appear to point to the advantages of labour. Indeed, all that we have of Doctor Grimshawe is a series of what seem like painfully-sought-for fancies, out of which all the original life has been laboured away. One all-important element that is missing is Hawthorne's intention. Clearness, or at any rate directness, of intention, accompanied by the perfection of construction, and the exact application of construction and intention to one another, are, even more than vividness of fancy, the master qualities we find in him. "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret" is a chaos, in its present condition. Moreover the plot, so far as it can be analysed, and so far as the editor, by the help of omissions and explanatory notes, has succeeded in piecing it together, is of a kind so extravagantly artificial that to make it the framework for any intelligible forms of human motive or passion well-nigh out of the question. A self-imagined murderer, who has been shut up from youth to old age in the secret chamber of an English country house, where a wicked Italian heir is living: a poison scene after the manner of the Borgias: a genealogical puzzle of a missing heir: a melodramatic and mysterious doctor, a prey to drink and vengeance, and haunted by evil thoughts in the form of a monstrous spider—all these coarse elements of sensational romance are the creations of deliberate nightmare rather than of the self-controlled fancy, working by the simplest means to the plainest ends, which was Hawthorne's if it was ever any man's. All this, without implying the least reproach to his editor's entirely independent genius, savours less of the "Scarlet Letter," or of "Transformation," than of "Archibald Malmaison." As an exercise of imagination, "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" seems to signify that its author was seeking to gain by labour the results that had once come to him by nature. Personally interesting as it is, we are strongly of opinion that to show the workman at his work was in this instance fully as unwise as it almost always has proved. The best things in it are some touches of description, as of the Braithwaite Hospital, and of reflection on English character and manners, and these would have well borne extraction in the manner of the "Note-Books." The preface is worth reading for its own sake, and with its seasonable remarks concerning the line of development which American fiction has taken since the death of its master we most heartily agree. As to the work itself, it may have been the rough draft of a work that might have been great—but only if, in the finished work, the draft had become unrecognisable.

"Red Rivington," by William Westall (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is an interesting story, with but little attempt at portraiture of character. The plot is forced more than enough, depending upon this most improbable even among the long list of testamentary caprices—that a brother and sister should divide the testator's estate until one of them should marry a person of title, and then that the entire estate should pass wholly to the first of the two who should fulfil this condition; such person of title, if a man, to be not lower than a baronet, and, if a woman, to bear at least the title of "lady," either of right or by courtesy. The wicked brother, to secure the inheritance, marries a baronet's widow, but the good sister has, meanwhile, without knowing it, married a Russian prince—so that the estate goes into the right hands. As to the exact international precedence of that exceedingly common object, a Russian prince, we are not informed; but might not his comparative rank with a baronet's have been made an interesting question for the Chancery division? Still more curious is the return of two cousins, with the same Christian name and surname, and as alike as twins, as Members of Parliament for the same borough. But one of the author's merits is that he does not stick at trifles. Anything that serves the purpose of his plot he takes without hesitation, and perhaps this adds to the dash and spirit with which his story proceeds. If the proof of the novel be in the reading, "Red Rivington" stands the test exceptionally well.

Mrs. Campbell Praed has committed a lamentable error of judgment in "Nadine, the Study of a Woman" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall). As was to be expected from her former work, "Nadine" is a story of real power; but it is power wasted and misapplied. With the still unworn field of Australia before her, she has taken the most morbid form of French, or rather modern American fiction, for her model, with a result that is correspondingly disagreeable. The psychological dissecting room is not a fit atmosphere for the exercise of a lady's pen, and neither pleasure nor profit can be extracted from such a "study" as "Nadine," as she names the most unpleasant of all unpleasant heroines. The topic of Mrs. Praed's study appears to be a woman's soul influenced by one man for good, as if he were her conscience, but by another, or rather by any other, for evil. This is so managed as to lead us into dangerous regions, of the kind that the wholesome consent of English men has preferred to ignore, but which appear to have an increasing attraction—doubtless by reason of their knowing so little about them—for the pens of English women. Mrs. Praed has shown herself so exceptionally able to deal with healthy realities that she cannot do better than go back to them, treating "Nadine" as an experiment which has failed.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

WREATHS laurestinus and pale mistletoe,
Bring each late-blooming plant,
Light many a lamp to match the heavenly glow
This frosty night; nor scant
The brimming health all Christmas dainties bear
To fire the pulses of the Dying Year!

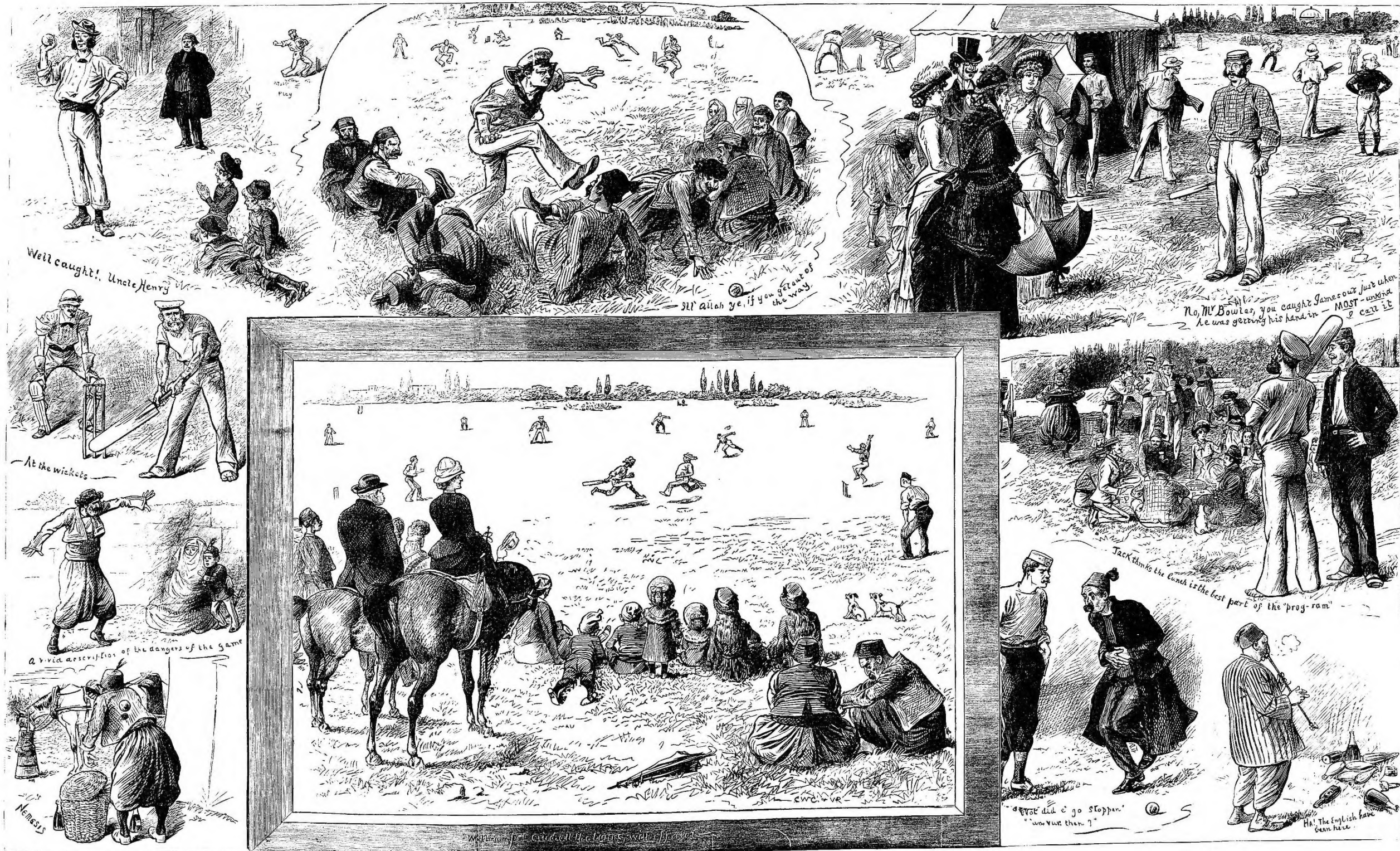
Through gusty sleet wide-flashing casements gleam,
And odorous savours call
Th' invited guests; while winged with hope or dream
The church-bells shake the hall;
Flinging true gladness o'er each listener's soul,
From age to age their peaceful echoes roll.

Heart drawing near to heart; these nipping times
Remember poor and old;—
The careful shepherd humming drowsy rhymes
Who treads the ash-grey wold,—
Bedridden dames,—the widow's lonely hearth,—
Richer, by adding to their store, your mirth!

Fond lovers, tread with many-twinkling feet
Gleeful the country dance;
And, courtship's mystic rites not slighted, greet
With smile and blushing glance
Your bosoms' lords; no fret your bliss annoy!
Love, crowned with Christmas-blessing, needs must joy.

Neighbours, tear out—if hissing in your breasts
Black hate or malice dwell,—
Tear the foul brood out with their baleful nests,
Let Love her triumph swell;
Serene, unangered, be your souls' blue heaven;
Forget, forgive as ye would be forgiven.

Glide on, slow moons; ye snow-heaped furrows, yield
To April's blue-eyed smile;
Come back, Content; on garden, orchard, field,
Your golden harvest pile;
Come, gracious New-born Year, long hoped-for, come
Bless Church and Queen, tried friends, dear country, home!
M. G. WATKINS



CRICKET IN CONSTANTINOPLE



DR. DRESSER'S "Japan" (Longmans, Green, and Co.) is, on the whole, a disappointing work. It professes to be an account of the architecture, art, and art manufactures of one of the most interesting and least known countries in the world; and this, in a certain perfunctory and superficial sense, it is. But Dr. Dresser has laid so much stress on the fact that he is a specialist—"an architect and ornamentist by profession"—and states so emphatically in his preface that he submits his volume to the public "as a specialist, and a specialist only," that the reader naturally looks for a good deal of authoritative and valuable matter. Without, however, going so far as to suggest that the book is worthless, we are bound to say that it is so wanting in literary form, is so full of rash and sweeping generalities and impotent speculation, and is so loose in diction that its value, from the specialist's point of view, is very doubtful. Dr. Dresser is too apt to fancy that in re-stating a mere commonplace of art history and inquiry he is propounding a new idea, as in his remarks about the importance, as guides to the ethnographer, of national systems of decoration and idiosyncracies of design; and he is constantly making bold and positive assertions which will not bear an instant's examination, as when he says "the Japanese differ from all other people in the . . . mingling of a number of substances in the one object." To any one who has ever seen European and Eastern marqueterie and inlaid metal-work—to mention only two of innumerable instances—such a statement appears to be what it is—a careless error. This, together with similar damaging generalities, is probably the result of a pardonable enthusiasm; but nonsense has no place in the work of a specialist, whose enthusiasm should be discreetly checked. Regarded as a rather rambling story of the four months' wanderings of a fairly intelligent observer who has many old, and a few new, things to tell us, the book is to some extent pleasant reading; and it derives indisputable value from its numerous distinctive and instructive illustrations. Some of them are by native artists, and have been engraved in Japan; whilst those devoted to architecture are admirable examples of careful draughtsmanship and delicate engraving. In this latter respect, indeed, they are as good as anything of the sort we have seen, American or otherwise.

Mr. J. W. Mollett's "Illustrated Dictionary of Words Used in Art and Archaeology" (S. Low and Co.) was commenced, the preface tells us, as an amended edition of that written by M. Ernest Bosc, the French architect. But little or nothing of M. Bosc's work remains: "his definitions having, in the process of revision under reference to original works, almost entirely disappeared." This is hard on M. Bosc, particularly as the list of authorities given by Mr. Mollett is, it seems to us, neither as good in itself nor as complete as it might be. It is unfortunate, also, that the book appears simultaneously with M. Bosc's new "Dictionnaire de l'Art, de la Curiosité, et du Bihelot" (Paris, Firmin Didot et Cie); and it loses very much indeed by the inevitable comparison. Merely as regards illustrations, it is far inferior to the French work; whilst in point of general interest and educational value it is not to be compared with it. The corresponding articles on "Filigree," for instance, form a curious contrast. M. Bosc's superb illustration of an eighteenth-century casket conveys a true idea of silver filigree, whilst Mr. Mollett's "reliquary," interesting though it be, is not at all characteristic. In describing the violin, too, Mr. Mollett says: "This instrument has three gut strings and a fourth of silver wire." Whereas really the fourth string is of gut covered with fine silver, or as often happens, copper, wire. We find no article on medals—surely a large branch of ancient and mediæval art; while the "medallion" is meagrely described as "a medal of a larger size than the ordinary coinage." These instances of omission and imperfection, chosen quite at random, do not speak well for the completeness and accuracy of Mr. Mollett's book; and though the subjects in its French prototype are not so multitudinous, they seem to us better treated, and altogether better arranged—they prove once more, indeed, that, even in dictionaries, "quality is better than quantity."

In "Un Condottieri au XV^e Siècle" (Paris: J. Rothschild), we have at once a new and brilliant work from the pen of M. Charles Yriarte, and a comely volume, such as in these days only the French produce. Of all the astonishing features of fifteenth-century life in Italy, none perhaps is more remarkable than the spectacle of military leaders, distinguished chiefly as the perpetrators of the blackest crimes, devoting their ill-gotten gold to the erection of splendid sacred edifices, and the advancement of art and literature. They were daring, unscrupulous, and magnificently immoral; and when their fighting and swaggering was over, they employed the greatest architects to plan, and the best painters and sculptors to decorate, their palaces, their churches, and their tombs. M. Yriarte's work consists mainly of a study of one of the most remarkable of these soldiers of fortune—Sigismond Pandolfo, the natural son of Pandolfo Malatesta, lord of Rimini. At fifteen he won his first battle; at nineteen he was a leader of *condottieri*. He fought with desperate bravery alternately for and against the Pope. Now seeking employment from Florence, now from Venice, continually embroiled with his neighbour of Urbino, and perpetually engaged in a variety of feuds and petty wars, in thirty years he had inflamed nearly all Italy against him, and had lost everything but Rimini. In short, his character combined the quintessences of the Malatesta vices and virtues (and each were great); whilst under his dominion the fortunes of his house both reached their culmination and fell to utter wreck, so that the next generation of Malatestas, with the exception only of one branch, became wanderers on the face of the earth. He presents a curious medley of monstrous faithlessness and monstrous courage, cyclonic passions and impulses often generous and good; and withal he was a commanding figure even amidst his wonderful contemporaries. He left his mark upon his age, as a soldier, as a patron of letters and of art; and M. Yriarte's work is not only enthralling as an account of the man, the time, and the place; but valuable also for its new researches into the history of one of Battista Alberti's noblest masterpieces, and into the work of the sculptors and other artists who carried out the great architect's design. That the book is beautifully printed goes without saying; in this—as in illustrations, in matter, and in general "get up"—it is worthy to rank with those sumptuous predecessors which have long since made M. Yriarte and his publishers famous.

"How to Decorate our Ceilings, Walls, and Floors" (George Bell and Sons), is a useful little manual by M. E. James. The author gives us many hints and instructions for practically answering the questions embodied in the title; and to those who wish to do their white-washing, floor-staining, wood-painting, and paper-hanging for themselves, the work may be recommended. We cannot admit the coloured illustrations to be artistic, however; they are nearly all commonplace, and one or two are frightful; the utility of the book lies chiefly in its practical details and explanations.

Messrs. Henry Sotheran and Co. have issued an "artist's" edition of Mr. Wise's "New Forest." Mr. Heywood Sumner's twelve etchings are poor; and the wood-engravings are seen at a great disadvantage, for the blocks are worn. They are the work of Mr. W. J. Linton, it is true; but then it is evident that he was hampered by the commonplace drawings of Mr. Walter Crane, who is not, or at least was not in this instance, good at landscape.

They afford no scope for the exercise of those great qualities which have made Mr. Linton famous; and, even if the fact were otherwise, it would not be fair to him to print old and worn blocks in what is ostensibly an *édition de luxe*. The truth is this is not an "artist's" edition at all; and we think it time to protest against the growing practice of refurbishing up old productions in a manner of which this is a flagrant example.

Life is not long enough and time is too valuable for us to read the "Illustrated History of the World" (Vol. I.: Ward and Lock). Bacon remarked, "Histories make men wise," and the axiom is quoted on the title-page. We have considerable faith in what Bacon said; but this kind of history steadily indulged in seems capable of bringing on premature lunacy: there is so much of it, and yet so little. We begin with the "Earliest records of the human race;" we hear about the early Chinese, and Confucius, and monosyllabic languages, and Aryans, and wanderings of nations, and Babylonians, and the successors of Nebuchadnezzar, and Layard's researches, and Kings' graves, and all manner of old bores and ancient settlements; and we become unconscious at last in a wild vortex of Israelites and Medes and Persians. This brings us to page 107; but the volume goes on to page 888. We give it up; and in conclusion may add that, if it were not for the swarms of illustrations, the compilers would have much to answer for.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co. send us a copy of their re-issue of "Paradise Lost," with Gustave Doré's illustrations, and Dr. Vaughan's Notes, and Life of Milton. This publication is too well-known, we fancy, to need a fresh description from us; but we may point out that the volume would have gained in appearance if the margin had not been so ruthlessly cut away.

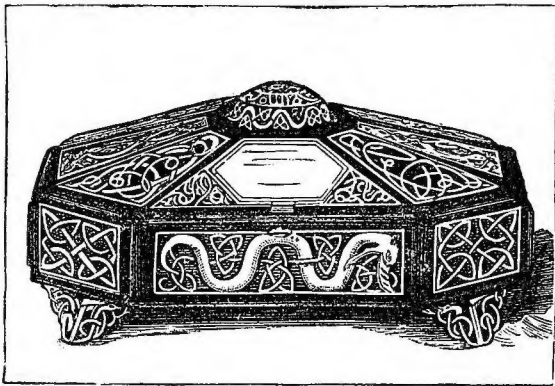
The presentation plate issued to the subscribers of the Art Union of London for 1883, consists of a very interesting and highly-finished line engraving of the picture by Mr. J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., entitled "Stolen by Gipsies." The scene is laid in a low Spanish *posada*. This engraving was begun by Mr. Charles Jeens, and has been finished, since his death, by Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A.

In the rear-guard of Christmas cards and novelties we have received from Messrs. Mansell, 271, Oxford Street, a prettily-designed card in the form of a war medal, which is especially appropriate for Christmas tree decorations at children's parties, as well as for the usual postal Christmas greeting. We have also to acknowledge receipt of some excellent diaries from Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., 13, Royal Exchange.

Amongst the novelties of the Christmas season it may not be inappropriate to notice the glacial transparent designs issued by McCaw, Stevenson, and Orr, of Belfast, for which Perry and Co., Limited, Holborn Viaduct, are the wholesale agents. These designs are in rich colours, and so arranged in pieces, borders, and panels, that any person possessing a moderate amount of taste may decorate any portion of his windows in a very artistic manner. We have tried them ourselves with very good effect, and a window opening on to some unsightly object, to which London windows are specially subject, may thus be made to represent some of the richest stained glass for a few shillings, and no other labour required than the careful application of cold water and sponge.

LORD SALISBURY AT EDINBURGH

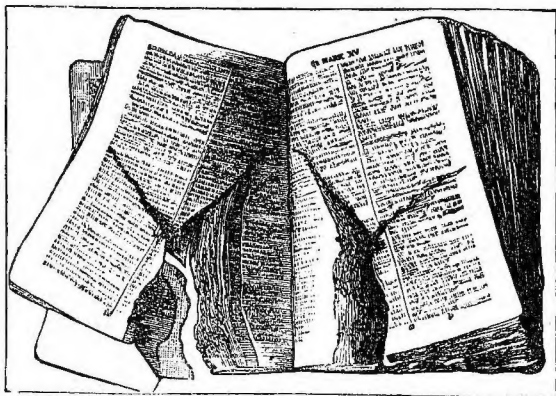
THE casket shown in the subjoined engraving was designed to enclose the Burgess ticket presented to Lord Salisbury by the Corporation of the Scottish capital during his recent visit. It was made by Mr. James Aitchison, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, and is a very artistic piece of work. The ornamentation adopted is Runic of the early part of the eighteenth century, pierced plaques of silver being



placed against a background of rich maroon velvet with pleasing effect. The casket is nine inches long, four and a-half inches in breadth, and five inches high, and it stands on four silver feet. The inscription, as follows, is engraved on the front, and the City Arms on the opposite side:—"Presented by the Corporation of Edinburgh, along with the Burgess Ticket conferring the Freedom of the City on the Most Honourable the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., 27th November, 1882."

A SHATTERED TESTAMENT—A RELIC OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

DURING the battle of Tel-el-Kebir Private William Room, of the Highland Light Infantry, had a marvellous escape. In jumping into the trenches a bullet from the Egyptians struck him in the pouch-bag at his side, going through a Testament he was carrying with him. This fortunately changed the direction of the bullet,



which otherwise would have gone through his stomach. As it was, the ball entered his hip, and came out of the inner part of his thigh. Mr. Room is now doing well.—Our engraving and the above particulars are taken from a photograph published by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Grosvenor Fine Art Gallery, who inform us that a framed copy has been sent to Her Majesty.



AN ANTI-CLERICAL AUNT SALLY has been adopted lately at various Parisian suburban fairs. The "massacre" consists of a row of dolls dressed like priests, which are to be knocked over with leather balls, and all honest Reds consider it a political duty to demolish a certain number of their enemies, even in effigy.

THE LABOUR QUESTION ACROSS THE ATLANTIC is to be put upon the stage so as to open the eyes of the public to a wider view of the subject. The New York Central Labour Union have concocted a special industrial play, *Monopoly*; or, *Labour v. Capital*, the plot dealing with the misfortunes of a poor English miller, who is ruined by a capitalist, and eventually becomes a tramp.

CROCODILE FARMS IN INDIA are being suggested by some Calcutta journals, in view of the European demand for the skins for various uses. It is proposed that regular breeding establishments should be established in those localities most frequented by "muggers," so as to develop a fresh branch of industry. This idea is not new, however, for alligator farms have been started some time since in Florida.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN is said to be the richest city of its size in the world. Although there are a good many poor people in the town, the citizens as a whole are far better off than the inhabitants of any other city, while if the wealth were equally divided every person would have over 1,000*l.* apiece. There are 100 Frankforters worth from 800,000*l.* to 1,400,000*l.* each, and 250 worth 50,000*l.* and upwards.

A CURIOUS LEGAL QUESTION has arisen in Connecticut, U.S.A. A pious lady having expressed her belief that her prayers would bring rain, an incredulous neighbour, offered her 2*l.* if she could succeed in causing rain within three days. Thereupon followed a slight shower; and the lady, calling on her neighbour, requested the payment of the sum promised. This the latter refuses, stating that the shower was too slight to be of any use. The case is to be referred to the gentlemen of the law.

A STRANGE BAIT TO CATCH NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIBERS has been offered by a new Clerical Roman journal, *Il Goffredo*, whose promoters have evidently taken a hint from the scandalous sales of religious indulgences in pre-Reformation times. Each annual subscriber will be entitled to 600 masses, to be celebrated by any priest they please, for the triumph of the Church, while during the year the subscribers will also have a chance in periodical lotteries for money prizes, to be spent on the same object. This programme has, however, raised a storm in most Clerical circles.

THE MONT BLANC TUNNEL project seems likely to give way in favour of the Simplon scheme. The subject is shortly to be brought before the French Chamber, and Government will be strongly urged to promote a fresh railway route through the Alps, so as to check the predominance of German over French industry in Italy threatened by the new St. Gothard line. Most authorities support the Simplon Tunnel, and the Government is suspected to be of similar mind, as it is officially announced that the French railway along the south of the Lake of Geneva, which was to have been taken on to Chamouni in view of a Mont Blanc Tunnel, will now not be carried so far.

THE NAPLES CORAL HARVEST has been very plentiful this year, although the quality is not very high, and over a million and a quarter pounds have been fished up, the Italian correspondent of the *American Register* tells us, worth about 200,000*l.* in the rough state. There is a goodly quantity of the pale pink coral which is so highly valued by some countries, such as England, Germany, Russia, and the United States, but while fair beauties prefer this more delicate tint, pink coral is despised by their brunette sisters in Spain, India, and China, who favour the deep red hue. Italian coral is profitable property in one way—every tiny scrap can be utilised, and it is curious to notice that when the cargo is brought into port the dealers touch the broken ends of each branch with the tip of the tongue, wetting it to bring out the colour. This fishery is of immense importance to Naples, and this year 600 vessels and 5,766 men have been employed from February to September dredging off the coasts of Sardinia, Corsica, and Sicily, off the mainland of Southern Italy, and on the Barbary coast.

THE PRESENT PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC leads a life of the most Republican simplicity, and existence at the Elysée is now far more of the bourgeois type than even during M. Thiers' time. Both M. and Madame Grévy dislike display and ceremony, and Madame Grévy, in particular, maintains all her old bourgeois habits, always looking as if she was astonished to find herself in this grand palace, while the arrangement of any official entertainment puts her in a perfect fever. Her greatest happiness is to drive out in the afternoon with her daughter and son-in-law. Every morning, when he can escape from his work, M. Grévy takes a quiet stroll in the Elysée garden, and feeds his pet duck, coming thence to breakfast, where he would never mention politics if the subject were not brought up by his daughter, anxious to hear the result of the Ministerial Councils. A few intimate friends are sometimes invited to the meal, which is of the simplest character. M. Grévy then drives in the Bois, and sometimes drops in to M. Bonnat's studio, returning home to ramble in the gardens and receive a few friendly calls while waiting for M. Wilson's return from the Chamber with the latest news. Dinner is even plainer than breakfast, and no guests are asked except on official occasions. A game of billiards or chess follows, and all the lights are out in the President's apartments by 9.30. Since Mlle. Grévy's marriage the Elysée is rather more lively than in earlier days, when the chief event was the bi-weekly Ministerial Council, for her husband, M. Wilson, is an ardent politician, and is asserted to urge his father-in-law to take a more active part in public affairs.

THE HUMBLE DOMESTIC SPARROW seems to be a very dangerous neighbour, if we are to believe an inquiring doctor, who declares that the house sparrow is liable to have small-pox, and, moreover, can communicate the disease. If this be true we may shortly look for a "Society for the Vaccination of Dickey Birds," only first year sparrow will have to be caught, for he is a very wary bird, and will not wait to have salt put on his tail; and, then, where is he to be vaccinated? On his beak, as the Chinese medicos vaccinate their countrymen on the tips of the nose? There is one consolation, this report rests on Transatlantic authority, and Americans are glad enough to find any accusation against cock robin's assassin, who—after the fashion of immigrants—has made himself by far too much at home in his adopted country. This is how one furious patriot inveighs in a sympathising journal against the offender:—"The rapid increase of the abominable English sparrow, and the consequent banishment of our sweet-singing and insect-eating birds is a source of endless sorrow, and I write to ask you to arrange some plan by which we may be relieved of our foreign pests. Instead of a delightful anthem of morn, which came into our windows with the balmy breezes, and inspired every heart with gladness, we have the discordant chirping, and yawning (!), and chattering of hundreds of sparrows. How long, O Catiline, shall we allow these monsters to abuse our patience? Some immediate action must be commenced for their universal extermination. As a preliminary step in this truly righteous crusade, a society must be formed, having its headquarters in Boston, with branches over the whole continent."

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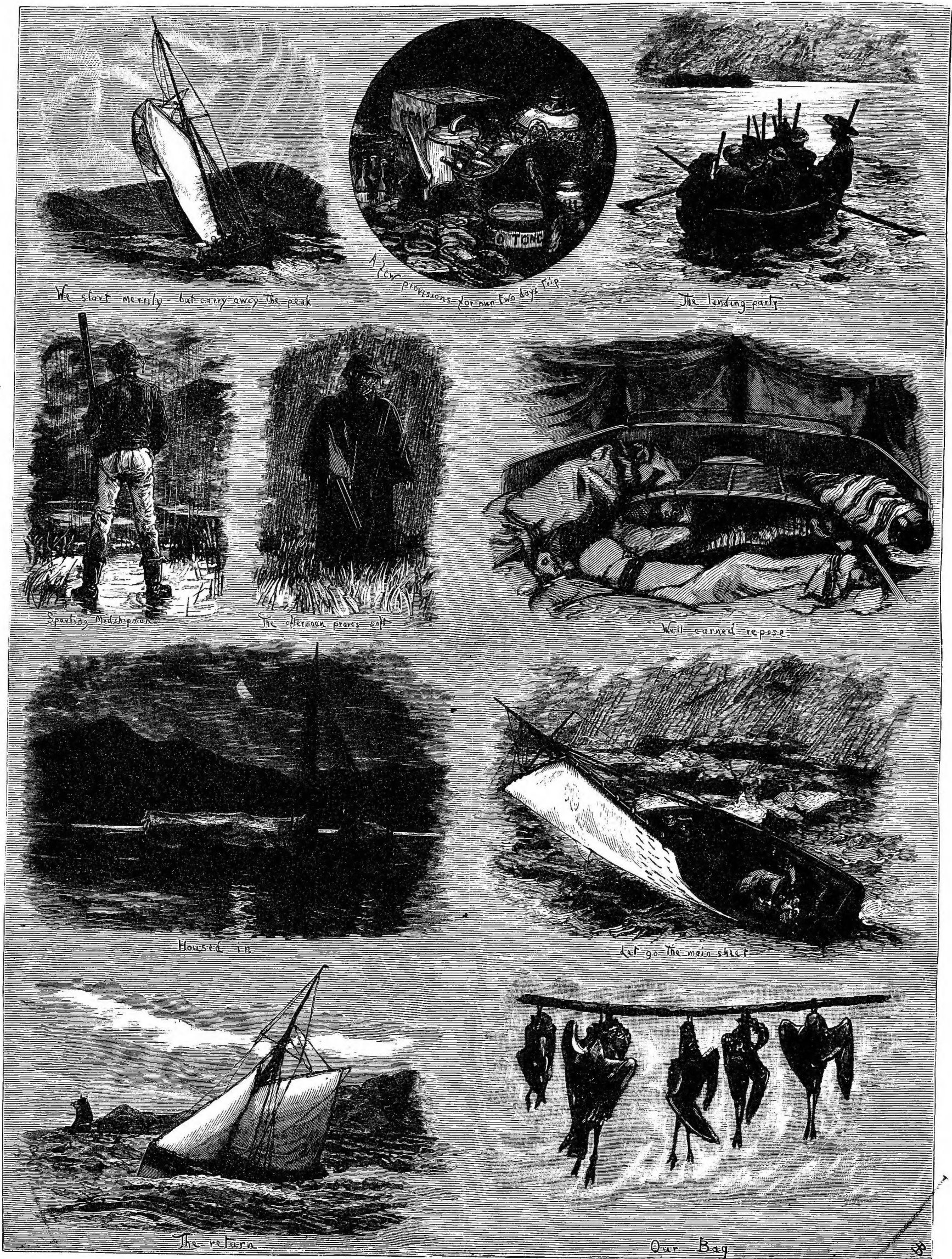
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